

Johnny Mouse AND THE Wishing Stick



Johnny Cruelle



JOHNNY FURELLE



Johnny Mouse and the Wishing Stick

By

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**With Illustrations
By the Author**

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To
LITTLE WORTH

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JOHNNY MOUSE AND THE WISHING STICK

I

THE WOZZGOOZLE

JOHNNY MOUSE was a cute, little tiny mouse. He lived with Gran'ma and Gran'pa Mouse in a little cigar-box house. In the little cigar-box house there was a tiny little kitchen where Gran'ma Mouse cooked nice things for Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse. Gran'ma and Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse also ate in the kitchen at a tiny table, for the little cigar-box house did not have a dining-room.

Then there was a bedroom and a living-room in the tiny cigar-box house. The bedroom was where Gran'ma and Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse slept at night. There were three little soft white beds which Gran'pa Mouse had made out of pasteboard boxes. One for Gran-ma, one for Gran'pa and one for Johnny Mouse.

The living-room was the largest room in the little cigar-box house, but that was quite small. Here of evenings Gran'ma sat and knitted while Gran'pa read the news and smoked his little pipe, or here they sat and visited with their friends. The little living-room contained two or three little rocking chairs, a couch, a center table with tiny lamp upon it, and a lovely

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organ. No one played upon the organ for it was only a picture which Gran'ma had clipped from a large magazine and pasted upon the wall.

But from across the little Mouse living-room it looked like a real organ, for it was beautifully colored.

All around the little cigar-box house was a tiny picket fence to keep the mischievous bug boys out of Gran'pa Mouse's garden.

The fence was made out of burnt matches which Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse had gathered and carried there in a little pasteboard wheelbarrow. There was also a tiny well back of the house, near the kitchen door and the bucket was made from an acorn.

Gran'pa and Johnny were working in the garden, and every once in a while Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse wiggled their pink noses and looked toward the kitchen.

"Did Gran'ma call us?" Johnny Mouse finally asked.

"I believe she did!" Gran'pa Mouse laughed, as he wiggled his nose.

"No, I did not call you!" Gran'ma said, when Johnny and Gran'pa Mouse looked in the kitchen door. She knew they had scented the lovely doughnuts she was cooking.

"Have you finished weeding the garden?" Gran'ma asked.

"It is all finished!" said Gran'pa Mouse.

"Then let's have a picnic!" Gran'ma said, as she took the last of the doughnuts out of the kettle and rolled them in sugar.

Gran'pa drew an acorn bucket full of water from the little well and he and Johnny Mouse washed their faces and hands. Gran'ma Mouse packed a little basket full of doughnuts and other things and put on her pretty little bonnet. Johnny carried the little basket and ran ahead down the path through the woods.

Soon Gran'ma and Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse came to Chickie Town and there they found all the Chickies crying.



Johnny Mouse pulled out two of Gran'ma's lovely sugared doughnuts.
"There!" he said, "eat those."

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"Dear me! Why do you cry?" Gran'ma and Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse asked them.

"We are crying because this is the day the Woozgoozle is to come and eat some of us!" said a large Rooster Chicky. "The Woozgoozle comes once a week, carries two or three of us to his cave and eats us!"

"But he has no right to do that!" said Gran'ma, as she stamped her little foot.

"Here he comes now!" cried all the Chickies, as they began running this way and that and hurrying into their houses.

Down the path Gran'ma and Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse could hear the Woozgoozle coming. "Kerlumpity, kerlumpity!" And presently he came to the first Chicky house. There he found two fat Chickies, and putting them into a sack he turned back up the road.

When the Woozgoozle left, all the Chickies came out of their houses and squawked and cackled until Gran'ma and Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse had to hold their hands over their ears.

Gran'ma and Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse sadly left Chicky Town and went down the road in the very same direction the Woozgoozle had taken.

Johnny Mouse ran ahead, and soon beside the path, lying upon a stone, fast asleep, he saw the Woozgoozle. Johnny waited quietly until Gran'ma and Gran'pa Mouse came up to him. "He has eaten the Chickies!" Johnny said. Sure enough feathers were scattered all about.

Johnny Mouse climbed upon the stone and bit the Woozgoozle upon his heel.

"*Woo!*" the Woozgoozle cried as he sat up and rubbed his eyes. "A bee must have stung me!" Then seeing Johnny Mouse standing there he asked, "Did you do that?"

"Yes!" said Johnny Mouse. "You should be ashamed, eating the Chickies! What if some one should eat up your



mother or your father or some one whom you loved? That wouldn't be very nice, would it?"

The Woozgoozle rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "I hadn't thought of that! All I thought of was how hungry I was. I'm so hungry now I'll have to get some more Chickies!"

Gran'ma and Gran'pa Mouse then climbed upon the rock beside Johnny. "No, you won't!" said Gran'pa Mouse. "It is wrong for you to take the Chickies away from one another."

"But I must eat something!" sighed the Woozgoozle.

Johnny House reached into his basket and pulled out two of Gran'ma's lovely sugared doughnuts. "There!" he said, "eat those."

"My! Aren't they good?" cried the Woozgoozle. "They are ever so much better than Chickies! *Yum, yum!*"

"Give him some more, Johnny!" said Gran'pa Mouse.

So the Woozgoozle was given all of the picnic lunch to eat: sixteen doughnuts, nine cream puffs and a lemon pie.

"Tell me where you find these things to eat and I'll promise never to eat another Chickie!" said the Woozgoozle.

"Gran'ma makes them!" said Johnny Mouse.

"Isn't that queer? I never knew any one could make anything to eat. I thought one had to catch things!"

"Wait until you taste ice-cream!" said Johnny Mouse. "And candy! Gran'ma makes everything like that, and they are better to eat than doughnuts and pie!"

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"If that is true, I am, indeed, sorry that I ever ate any of the Chickies," said the Woozgoozle. "After this I will never bother them again!"

"You must come home with us," Gran'ma Mouse said, "and I will teach you how to make doughnuts and other nice things to eat."

This pleased the Woozgoozle very much.

Now, Gran'ma and Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse were very hungry by this time, so they decided they would return home.

When they came to Chicky Town all the Chickies began cackling when they saw the Woozgoozle, but Gran'ma and Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse told them the Woozgoozle had promised never to eat any of them again and so the Chickies were very happy.

Gran'ma and Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle finally reached the little cigar-box house and Gran'ma got supper while Gran'pa set the table and Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle washed their faces and hands and brushed their hair.

Then they sat down at the table. It was hard to get the Woozgoozle to eat anything except doughnuts and pie and cream puffs, for he liked them very much and did not know (like a good many children) that too many sweets are apt to give one a stomach-ache.

Then, when supper was over, and the dishes washed and wiped, Johnny showed the Woozgoozle his scrap-book with pretty pictures in it, until time for bed.

"Well!" said Gran'pa, as he took off his shoes and put on his house slippers, "it turned out a delightful picnic after all."

And Gran'ma Mouse, thinking of the kindness they had done for Chicky Town, sighed contentedly, and replied:

"Yes, indeed, Gran'pa, and I feel that the Woozgoozle from now on will be a very kindly creature!" And so he proved to be as you shall soon learn.



II

THE WISHING CLOCK

GRAN'MA MOUSE usually baked pancakes for breakfast. Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse liked pancakes with sirup on them very much,—especially the pancakes Gran'ma baked, for they were light and fluffy and golden brown in color.

Gran'pa had to shake Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle to awaken them, they were sleeping so soundly. But they hopped out of bed and into their clothes as fast as they could, for they heard the pancakes sizzling and could taste how good they were by the smell.

“Come on, Mr. Woozgoozle!” Johnny Mouse cried, when they had dressed, and he ran out the door to the well, pulled up a bucket of cool water and poured it in the wash basin that stood on the bench at the kitchen door.

The Woozgoozle thought Johnny Mouse was pouring him a drink and started to lift the basin to his mouth. Johnny had to show the Woozgoozle how to wash his face and hands, for this was all new to him.

When Johnny Mouse had brushed the Woozgoozle's hair, breakfast was ready. Gran'ma ate nine pancakes, Gran'pa

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ate eleven, Johnny Mouse ate fifteen, but the Woozgoozle ate twenty-two and had to stop when a button popped off his waist-front and flew across the kitchen floor. Gran'ma laughed and promised to sew it on for him later, and Johnny Mouse fixed it temporarily with a Mouse safety-pin.

"I shall never sleep in a hard, cold, damp cave again," said the Woozgoozle, when Gran'ma asked him how he had slept. "I'm going to build me a house and have nice beds in it like those you have! Then when you come to see me you can stay all night."

Gran'pa said that he and Johnny Mouse would help the Woozgoozle build a house. This pleased the Woozgoozle so much he said he would start building right away. And as there was no work to do in the garden that day, Gran'ma Mouse put a large lunch in a large basket and Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle picked up the little saws and hammers and nails and things they would need in building the Woozgoozle's house. The Woozgoozle insisted on taking his clock with him for some reason, and, with this under his arm and his hands full of tools, he and Gran'ma and Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse set out through the woods toward the Woozgoozle's cave.

When the little party, laughing and joking to one another, reached Chicky Town, they heard a great commotion of crowing and cackling, and asking a little Chick the reason, they were told the whole of Chicky Town was celebrating because the Woozgoozle promised never to eat them again.

And when the Chickies saw Gran'ma, Gran'pa, Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle they insisted that the four stay and help them celebrate.

Of course, after the way the Woozgoozle had treated the Chickies for years, it was no more than right that he and his friends should stay and help the Chickies celebrate. So this they did until it began to grow late and Gran'pa knew that



they would scarcely reach the Woozgoozle's cave before dark. So they bade the Chickies good-by and promised to come and visit them again.

It was well they started when they did, for they had hardly reached the Woozgoozle's cave before it began raining ever so hard. They went into the Woozgoozle's cave and so kept from getting wet, but it was a very untidy place. You see the Woozgoozle had never kept house very well and his only bed was a few scattered leaves. Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse managed to find some dry wood and soon they had a cozy fire going. As it had been very dark in the cave before, the fire made it quite pleasant. They sat about and discussed the house they would build for the Woozgoozle the next day.

"It will be nice if we can find a cigar box like ours!" said Gran'ma Mouse.

"I'll put a stove in it and learn to bake pancakes and make doughnuts!" said the Woozgoozle.

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And so they sat and talked until it was really time they all went to bed, but as there were no beds and all the leaves outside were soaking wet, they decided to sit up all night and talk or lean back against the walls of the cave and sleep as best they might.

The Woozgoozle's clock had been placed against the far wall of the cave, and as the Woozgoozle said he always used the clock for a pillow he brought it out and offered it to Gran'ma Mouse.

"No, thank you," said Gran'ma Mouse, "the corners are too sharp and I am afraid I never could sleep with such a hard object for a pillow."

"Where did you get it, Mr. Woozgoozle?" Gran'pa finally asked.

"It belonged to my great-great-grandfather!" said the Woozgoozle. "And when he gave it to me he told me never to let it get out of my sight as it was very valuable!"

"Has it any works inside it?" Johnny Mouse asked.

"I've never opened it to look inside!" said the Woozgoozle. "I only used it for a pillow and never thought of it keeping time. In fact," he added, "I really had no time to worry about, for I usually went to sleep immediately after eating and did not wake up until I felt hungry. Then I ran down and caught a couple of Chickies and came back and went to sleep again!"

The Woozgoozle placed the old clock upon the ground and Johnny Mouse opened its door and swung the pendulum.

"It runs all right!" said Gran'pa.

"I wish it would strike!" said Johnny Mouse.

"*Ding, ding, ding!*" the clock struck three times with a loud sound.

Gran'pa Mouse pushed the hands of the clock around until they pointed to the right time. "There," he said, "that is the right time, and goodness knows it's time to go to bed!"



"I wish we had three little beds in the back of the cave like those you have at your house, Gran'pa!" said the Woozgoozle.

"It would be nice!" Johnny Mouse yawned. "I'm dreadfully tired!"

"Get the basket, please, Johnny!" said Gran'ma. "Perhaps if we eat some of the doughnuts and cream puffs we won't feel so sleepy!"

Johnny jumped up from the fire and started back in the Woozgoozle's cave where they had placed the basket. "Whee!" he shouted. "Look here, everybody!"

Everybody looked. There against the back of the cave stood three little white beds, just like the ones at Gran'ma and Gran'pa Mouse's house.

For a moment all stood and stared, not knowing what to say, but finally Gran'ma Mouse said, "Mr. Woozgoozle, you have been using your clock for a pillow for years when you might have had a whole bed."

The Woozgoozle did not understand and said so.

"Why, can't you see?" Gran'ma laughed. "Those beds must have been in the clock or how else could they come here when you wished for them?"

"They must have come from the clock!" said Gran'pa Mouse. "If they came from the clock perhaps there is some-

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thing else inside there, too!" And Gran'pa felt inside the clock. "It is empty!" he said. "Well, anyway, we have nice beds to sleep upon!"

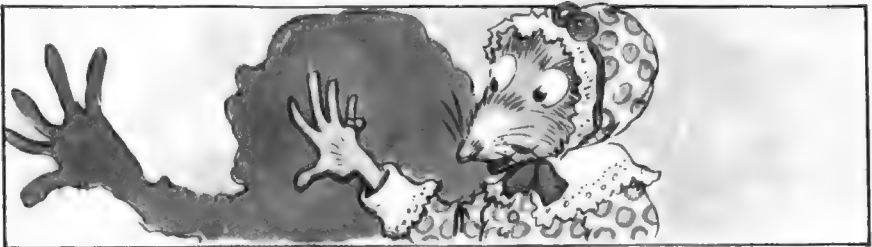
"Yes, we must be thankful for that!" said Gran'ma. "But I have an idea! May I look at the clock for a moment, Mr. Woozgoozle?"

The Woozgoozle handed the clock to Gran'ma, who had an idea but did not tell the others. She opened the door to the clock and felt inside. Then a broad grin spread over her kindly Mouse face. "It is a *Wishing Clock! A Magic Wishing Clock!*" she cried.

The Woozgoozle, Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse crowded about her. "How do you know?" they asked, all very much excited.

"Because," said Gran'ma, as she pulled her hand out and showed it to them, "I made a wish for a ring when I put my hand inside the clock, and there it is!" True enough, Gran'ma had a beautiful ring upon her finger. She handed the clock to the Woozgoozle and told him to make a wish.

The Woozgoozle closed his eyes for a while. Then, when he opened them, he put the clock upon the floor and walked to the front of the cave. The others watched him in silence, thinking he, too, had wished for a ring, but had been disappointed. When the Woozgoozle reached the front of the cave he jumped into the air and clicked his heels together. Then he turned a somersault and kicked his heels in the air as he lay upon his back.



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Gran'ma and Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse ran and helped him to his feet for they could not understand what could be the matter with him.

When Gran'ma started to question him the Woozgoozle merely pointed outside the cave, and looking, they discovered the cause of his joy. There stood the cunningest little house one could wish for, with cheery light shining out through the windows.

"It's mine," cried the Woozgoozle, "and I wished for it so that you could share it with me!"

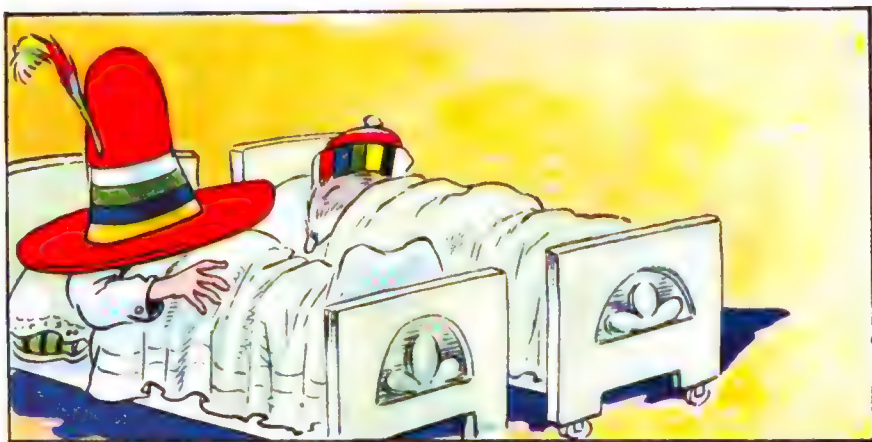
Forgetting all else, Gran'ma, Gran'pa and the Woozgoozle ran through the rain to the little house, but just as they reached it, the little house disappeared. The three stopped, greatly disappointed, and started to retrace their steps to the cave, but seeing their shadows in front of them, they again turned and there stood the little house. This time they heard Johnny Mouse's laugh and saw him coming with the Magic Clock under his arm. They all went into the Woozgoozle's house together.

"I wanted you never to forget the clock!" Johnny Mouse said to the Woozgoozle as he handed the clock to him.

"You have taught me a good lesson!" said the Woozgoozle. "Now we must wish for beds first of all and go to bed, then in the morning we can start and wish for everything we want!"

"That is a very good idea!" Gran'ma Mouse said. "And I am going to bed right away!"

All were so tired they soon were in bed and sound asleep; all except the Woozgoozle. The Woozgoozle pinched himself to keep awake until the others were asleep. Then, with a broad grin upon his face, he slipped his hand into the clock and silently made a wish. Turning very quietly he looked at Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse's hands. Yes! Each had a ring just like Gran'ma's; and the Woozgoozle went to sleep with the broad grin on his face and with the Magic Clock tucked safely under his comfortable, soft pillow.



III

THE PICNIC

WHEN Gran'ma and Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse stayed the first night at the Woozgoozle's pretty new house they all slept very comfortably.

But the Woozgoozle had his lovely Magic Clock under his pillow and he dreamed of it all night. "O-oh!" he thought in his sleep, "just think of the nice things I can wish for now and have them all come true! I will wish for this and I'll wish for that; then I'll wish for these, then I'll wish for those, and then I'll wish—"

Can't you just imagine how pleasant the Woozgoozle's dreams must have been? They were so pleasant the Woozgoozle could not stand it a moment longer, so he awakened.

At first he thought he had dreamed everything about the Magic Clock, but when he looked around the room he soon discovered that the Magic Clock was, indeed, true. Very, very, sure-enough true.

He was inside the pretty little house he had wished for the night before, and there beside him in a little, white, pasteboard bed, lay Johnny Mouse.

Yes! It was all true. The Woozgoozle jumped out of

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bed and ran to wash his hands and face. Then he thought, "Now, I will give Gran'ma and Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse a surprise, for I will bake some nice, lovely pancakes and not call them until breakfast is all ready."

The Woozgoozle found there was no stove in his kitchen, so he had to get his Magic Clock and wish for one. And the Woozgoozle, being very smart, wished for a stove with a fire in it. Then he wished for frying pans and a cute little table and pretty white dishes with tiny blue flowers on them.

Of course, the Woozgoozle had nothing to make pancakes with, so he had to wish for the materials. Then he wished for maple sirup to pour over the pancakes when he had them cooked.

The Woozgoozle had never baked pancakes before, so he did not know how to make them, but he went ahead and put a lot of flour in a frying pan and then poured water on top of it and stirred it around. "Won't they be nice?" he said to himself, as he sat down in a chair and watched the pancake cook.

Presently the Woozgoozle saw a tiny thread of smoke rise from the frying pan and he poked the flour and water with a large spoon. This did not help matters, for the smoke still came from the pancake and the pancake bubbled and sang on top. Presently around the edge of the pancake came a brown ring and, as the Woozgoozle watched it, the brown ring turned black and the smoke poured from it. The little kitchen was soon filled with smoke, and the Woozgoozle opened the windows and took the frying pan from the stove.

The Woozgoozle scraped all the burnt pancake from the frying pan and put in another cupful of flour and added water, but this burnt just the same.

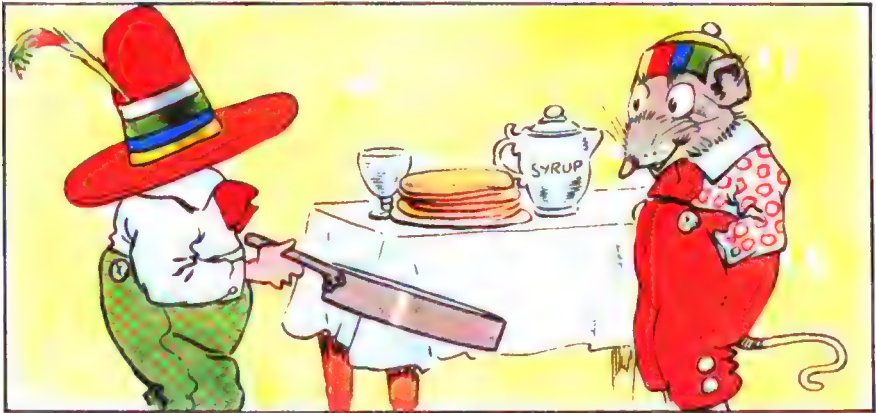
The Woozgoozle was puzzled. He was so puzzled he went out in the back yard and sat on a stone and scratched his head. Usually by scratching his head the Woozgoozle could think

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very hard, but for some reason he could not think of the right way to bake pancakes, so he just sat there and thought and thought until Johnny Mouse peeped out of the kitchen door and called to him, "Come to breakfast!"

Gran'ma and Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse were standing behind their chairs at the table when the Woozgoozle came in with the frying pan in his hand, and they laughed when the Woozgoozle saw the great pile of pancakes, all nice golden-brown in the center of the table. "You baked them so quickly!" said the Woozgoozle. "I don't see how you did it!"

Gran'ma Mouse laughed as she gave the Woozgoozle eight pancakes and Johnny Mouse six. "Johnny got breakfast!" she said.



"I borrowed your Magic Clock and wished for them already baked and steaming hot!" Johnny explained.

The Woozgoozle laughed for not having thought of this himself. Then, as the pile of pancakes was disappearing, he brought his Magic Clock, put it before him on the table, and closed his eyes and wished.

There, on everybody's plate, were ten cream puffs.

And at each plate stood a glass of creamy milk.

This made a very nice breakfast, and as the sun was shining brightly and the birdies were singing all about the Wooz-

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goozle's pretty new house, Gran'pa suggested that it would be nice to have a picnic. "Let's walk way over to the brook and have the picnic where we can hear the water laugh as it jumps over the stones!" he said.

"I'll get the lunch ready!" said Gran'ma Mouse. "I'll just wish a great basket filled with goodies!"

"Why not just carry the Magic Clock with us, and when we get there we can wish for whatever we want to eat!" said the Woozgoozle.

Of course, this was quite the thing to do, so with the Magic Clock under his arm, for it was not a bit heavy, the Woozgoozle and Johnny Mouse led the way, while Gran'ma and Gran'pa Mouse followed behind.

They walked and walked and walked until they began to grow tired and finally sat down to rest. When it was time to start again, the Woozgoozle said, "Why should we walk when we can ride? I'll wish for bicycles and we can ride them!" And the Woozgoozle wished for a bicycle for Gran'ma and Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse and himself, and there stood four pretty red bicycles.

"Whee!" said Gran'ma. "This is lovely!" And she tried to ride the one she picked out.

Gran'pa, Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle were wiggling and wabbling about on their bicycles and falling off and getting on and falling off until they had to give up trying to ride.

"It doesn't care to go for me!" said Gran'ma, as she picked herself up from a mass of ferns where she had fallen.

Gran'pa rubbed a round lump upon the top of his head where he had bumped into a tree, and laughed. "I can't ride mine either!"

"Neither can I!" said Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle.

"Then we must have an automobile!" said Gran'ma.

"I do not believe a real runny automobile would come from the Magic Clock!" Gran'pa said.

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"I wish for an automobile!" said the Woozgoozle, as he put his hand in the Magic Clock. And there stood a great automobile, twenty times as large as the Woozgoozle's house. The Woozgoozle wished it back immediately and wished for another, "just the right size!" And there it was. A shiny green automobile with white wheels.

The Woozgoozle helped Gran'ma and Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse in and then said, "I wish the automobile would run along without guiding to the brook!"

"You *are* learning how to use the Magic Clock!" said Gran'ma. "Why not have something to eat as we go along!" Gran'ma knew the Woozgoozle and Johnny Mouse must be hungry, for it had been almost an hour since they had eaten breakfast. So the Woozgoozle wished for candy and pop-corn and chewing gum as the little automobile hummed along.

Where the path left the woods and ran across the meadow, the little green auto made the dust fly, but there, ahead in the path, the Woozgoozle saw a cow. She looked at the little green auto coming toward her with eyes as large as saucers, and just as it reached her she gave a great "Whoof!" and kicked up her heels as if she meant to stamp it into the ground.

But dear me! A real "wished-for" automobile, such as this one, would never be stamped upon! No, sir! It just scooted right between Mrs. Cow's feet and hummed on down the path, tooting its horn as if to say, "Catch me if you can!" Mrs. Cow was so surprised, she held her tail right straight up in the air and jumped over three fences before she stopped and looked around.

By this time Gran'ma, Gran'pa, Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle had reached the little singing brook, and Gran'pa was fixing up a fishing line for each of the others, using a tiny thread and bent pins and a broomstraw for a fish pole. Once Johnny Mouse thought he had a bite, but Gran'ma said he must be mistaken, for none of them had bait upon the bent pins.



The cow looked at the little green auto with eyes as large as saucers.

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Gran'pa said they could have just as much fun fishing without hurting the fish, so they used no bait. When they were tired of fishing, the Woozgoozle wished for a whole lot of bread crumbs and with these they had a lot of fun feeding the little sun fish. Of course, they had lunch a number of times during the day, for, as you probably know, picnicking makes any one very hungry.

When it began to grow dark, Gran'ma said she thought they had better start home, so the Woozgoozle lighted the tiny lamps on the car, and, without having to guide it at all, they soon drove up to the Mouse cigar-box house.

Gran'ma and Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse wanted the Woozgoozle to come in and spend the night with them, but the Woozgoozle said, "No, thank you! I want to go home and wish for a whole lot of nice things with my Magic Clock."

So Gran'ma kissed the Woozgoozle good-by, and Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse shook hands with him. Then they watched the little green automobile with the Woozgoozle in it disappear down the path into the night.

Then Gran'pa went into the house and lighted the teeny, weeny Mouse lamp. "Come here! Come here!" he called to Gran'ma and Johnny Mouse and they, thinking something must have disturbed their house while they were away, hurried into the kitchen. There, leaning against the kitchen table, stood the three new shiny red bicycles. The Woozgoozle had wished them there as a surprise.





IV

THE MAGIC PANCAKES

ONE day Gran'ma Mouse washed Johnny Mouse's face and brushed his hair with a part in the middle and put on his little red pants, his pretty white waist with the red stripes, his little black slippers with the silver buckles and, after kissing him, placed his pretty little hat on Johnny's head.

Johnny had been invited over to the Woozgoozle's house to spend the day and Gran'ma wished him to look real pretty.

A trip to the Woozgoozle's was a great treat to Johnny, for the Woozgoozle had a Wishing Stick, besides his Magic Clock, and a lot of other wonderful things.

Johnny Mouse waved good-by to Gran'pa Mouse who was out weeding the tiny garden, and cut through the woods toward the Woozgoozle's house.

Johnny had made the trip many times before and knew the way very well for a tiny mouse, so there was hardly a chance of his getting lost. But the night before there had been a heavy storm, and many trees had been broken down and lay across the path, so that Johnny Mouse had to climb over and around the fallen tree-trunks and branches.

So when Johnny Mouse climbed over one of the large tree-

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trunks and heard something way down inside the tree-trunk go "*Flop! Flop!*" his little ears stuck right up straight and his tiny nose wiggled. But Johnny Mouse could not make out what kind of noise it could be, nor could he see who might be making it. And, as Johnny was an inquisitive little mouse, he walked down into the hole. There he came upon many little steps leading farther down the tree-trunk and far down below the ground. As Johnny Mouse walked farther down the tiny steps, the "*Flop! Flop!*" noise grew louder, until when he reached the bottom of the steps and looked around him, he saw a little house and inside a little old woman baking pancakes.

The little old woman poured the pancake batter into the skillet and when the pancake was brown upon one side, it flopped up into the air and turned over; then when it had baked brown upon that side, it flopped out of the skillet and went flopping across the floor and out the door.

This was the "*Flop! Flop!*" that Johnny Mouse had heard.

When the little old woman saw Johnny Mouse watching her she said, "Hello!"

"Hello!" he replied, as he walked into the little house.

The little old woman poured more pancake batter into the skillet and when it had browned on both sides, the pancake flopped out of the skillet and went flopping across the floor and out the back door; and when Johnny Mouse went to the door and looked out, there he saw fifteen or sixteen pancakes flopping about. After flopping about for a time, the pancakes finally balanced themselves upon their edge and rolled down the path and out of sight around the bend.

"Who do you bake the pancakes for?" Johnny Mouse asked.

"I don't know," she answered. "I just bake them and they flop out of the house and disappear down the path. I have baked them for years and years and they all go the same way!" The little old woman told Johnny Mouse she did not know where the pancakes rolled to.



"I'm going to follow them and find out," Johnny Mouse said, as he ran out the back door after the last pancake.

Johnny Mouse walked and walked and the pancakes rolled beside him. Sometimes they rolled fast, sometimes slow, but there was always a steady line of them rolling down the path.

Johnny Mouse walked until he grew tired and hungry, and then he sat down beside the path. At first Johnny Mouse amused himself by taking a stick and making the pancakes jump over it as they rolled along; then, as he grew hungrier and hungrier he would reach out and catch a pancake as it rolled toward him and eat it. They were very good pancakes, as good as Gran'ma Mouse baked, and Johnny Mouse ate a great many. In fact he ate so many there was a great gap in the long line of pancakes rolling down the path.

Eating so much made Johnny Mouse sleepy; nodding his head a few times, he went to sleep leaning against a toadstool.

Johnny Mouse did not know how long he had been asleep when he was awakened by some one shouting, "*Who has been eating my pancakes?*" in a very loud gruff voice. Johnny Mouse jumped from the ground and hid under a leaf, but when the owner of the loud gruff voice—a great big giant—came up the path, he easily discovered Johnny Mouse and picked him up by the collar of his pretty white waist with the red dots.

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The giant placed Johnny Mouse in the palm of his hand and with a great puff he sent Johnny Mouse high into the air. Johnny Mouse whirled over and over, and as he came down again, the giant caught him and sent him up in the air again. "I'll teach you to eat my pancakes!" he said.

There is no telling how long this would have continued had not the Woozgoozle looked into his Magic Clock and wished to see why Johnny Mouse did not come. It was just as the giant was blowing Johnny Mouse into the air; so the Woozgoozle rubbed his Magic Wishing Stick and in a twinkling was standing beside the giant.

When the giant saw the Woozgoozle he put Johnny Mouse in his pocket and shook hands. "Hello, Mr. Woozgoozle! What brings you here?"

"I came after Johnny Mouse, Mr. Giant."

"He was eating my pancakes!" Mr. Giant said, as he took Johnny Mouse from his pocket.

"Perhaps it was because he was hungry!" said the Woozgoozle.

"Maybe it was!" the giant said. "I never thought of that, for you see I never eat pancakes myself!"

"I was hungry," Johnny Mouse cried, as he wiped his eyes with his pretty hanky, "and there were so many pancakes!"

At this the giant laughed. "I am sorry I blew you into the air, Johnny Mouse," he said, "and if you will both come to my house I'll pay you for the fright I gave you."

So Mr. Giant and the Woozgoozle and Johnny Mouse went to the giant's house. In a shed, they saw all the pancakes neatly piled in layers for the giant told Johnny, "When the pancakes get dry, I take them out and crumble them up for the birds when the snow is on the ground and they can not get seeds."

So the giant went to a cupboard and brought out a queer box which he placed on the floor in front of them. When he



Johnny Mouse amused himself by taking a stick and making the pancakes jump over it.

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opened the box, there was a tiny ice-cream store with a soda-water fountain and lots of candy and cookies with red and white icing on them. "Help yourself!" Mr. Giant laughed.

So the Woozgoozle and Johnny Mouse ate cookies and drank soda-water until they could hold no more, then Mr. Giant closed the box, saying:

"Now, you may have three wishes each. Wish for whatever you want and you will find it in the box when I open it."

So Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle made three wishes each and the giant opened the box. Johnny Mouse wished first for a red balloon, second for a blue and green ball, and third for a pearl-handled knife with four blades, and there they were. Mr. Giant pulled them from the box. Then when he opened it again the Woozgoozle found what he had wished for—a bag of agate marbles, a lovely humming top, and a pair of roller skates.

Then the Woozgoozle and Johnny Mouse straddled the Woozgoozle's Magic Wishing Stick and wished to be at Johnny Mouse's house. It was so late in the evening, Gran'ma and Gran'pa Mouse asked the Woozgoozle to stay all night, and after Gran'ma had washed their faces, for both were sticky from eating—lollypops,—the Woozgoozle and Johnny Mouse put on their nighties and climbed into Johnny Mouse's little bed, which was made out of a tiny pasteboard box, too tired to talk.

And as Gran'ma Mouse sat and knitted, and Gran'pa Mouse sat and read the paper and smoked his pipe, they looked at the Woozgoozle and Johnny Mouse sleeping in the little bed and smiled at each other, for they knew the two had had a nice time that day and to-morrow they would hear of the wonderful adventure.

"It seems to me they must have found Santa Claus!" laughed Gran'pa Mouse, as he looked at the things the giant had given Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle.



V.

MR. BEAR

ONE day Johnny Mouse hopped on his little red bicycle and rode down the path through the woods. He was on his way to the Woozgoozle's house.

When Johnny Mouse turned a bend in the path, who should he run right into but old Mr. Bear. Now, Mr. Bear had never had a bicycle and he had always wanted one, especially a nice red one, just like Johnny Mouse's. So up he jumped and before Johnny Mouse could say "Scat!" Mr. Bear had cuffed Johnny Mouse from the bicycle and was running down the path with it on his back.

When Johnny Mouse sat up and rubbed his head, all he could see was Mr. Bear's tail as he turned a corner.

Johnny Mouse did not waste his time in crying; no, indeed, for even a tiny mouse knows that will not mend matters. Instead, Johnny Mouse hopped up and took a short cut through the woods to the Woozgoozle's house.

Johnny Mouse ran up and knocked on the Woozgoozle's door, "Rappity tap! Rappity tap!" and, as no one answered, Johnny Mouse tried to open the door.

For, you see, Johnny Mouse was a great friend of the

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Woozgoozle's and often when Johnny Mouse came to visit, he found the Woozgoozle fast asleep in his armchair.

This time, however, the door was locked. Johnny Mouse ran around to the kitchen door and tried that; it, too, was locked.

"I wonder where the Woozgoozle can be!" Johnny Mouse thought.

Johnny was just thinking of returning home to tell Gran'pa Mouse that the bear had taken the bicycle, when from inside the house he heard something go, "Scratch, scratch!"

Johnny Mouse placed a stick against the house and climbed up so that he could see into the Woozgoozle's window, and when he did look inside, what do you think, there he saw the Woozgoozle tied hand and foot, lying upon the hard floor, and the furniture was all broken and the dishes were scattered about!

Then Johnny Mouse ran to the Woozgoozle's woodshed and brought a ladder and climbed upon the roof and slid down the chimney.

The Woozgoozle had a rag tied across his mouth, and that is why he had not answered Johnny Mouse when Johnny Mouse rapped on the door.

First Johnny Mouse untied the rag and then Johnny Mouse untied the Woozgoozle's hands and feet and gave the Woozgoozle a drink of water.

Then, when the Woozgoozle had rubbed his hands and feet where they had been tied together, he said, "Thanks, Johnny Mouse! I have been tied this way since yesterday afternoon! Old Mr. Bear did it!"

"And he took my nice new red bicycle, too!" Johnny Mouse said.

"I was sound asleep and did not hear him come in," said the Woozgoozle, "and before I could move, he had me tied, hands and feet!"

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"Let's get your Wishing Stick and wish Mr. Bear would get caught in a trap!" cried Johnny Mouse.

"Oh, no!" the Woozgoozle replied, "that would be cruel and, besides, Mr. Bear took the Wishing Stick and my Magic Clock!"

"Dear me!" was all Johnny Mouse could say.

"Yes, it is too bad," the Woozgoozle sighed, "but Mr. Bear does not know how to use the Wishing Stick or the Magic Clock, I'm sure!"

Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle, after thinking a great time, decided it would be a good plan to go over to Mr. Bear's house and try to get back the Wishing Stick, the Magic Clock and Johnny Mouse's bicycle, so in a short time they came to Mr. Bear's house.

Johnny Mouse crawled on his hands and knees under the grasses and toadstools right up to Mr. Bear's back door and listened.

He heard Mr. Bear saying, "I wish for a whole lot of peppermint candy! I wish for a whole lot of peppermint candy!"

And as Mr. Bear continued to wish and wish, Johnny Mouse knew his wishes were not coming true; so Johnny Mouse crawled back and told the Woozgoozle. By and by Mr. Bear came out the front door with Johnny Mouse's nice red bicycle, and, after locking the door and putting the key in his pocket, he rode the bicycle in a wabby manner down the path and out of sight.

Then Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle ran to Mr. Bear's woodshed and got the ladder, and Johnny Mouse climbed to the roof and slid down the chimney. There was the Magic Clock and the Wishing Stick right where Mr. Bear had dropped them when he found his wishes would not come true.

Johnny Mouse unlocked the back door and let the Woozgoozle in.



The Woozgoozle and Johnny Mouse pretended never to know that Mr. Bear was anywhere near them.

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"Now, what shall we do to get my bicycle?" Johnny Mouse asked.

"I have a great scheme!" the Woozgoozle said as he took the Wishing Stick and rubbed it.

Pretty soon they heard Mr. Bear come puffing up on the bicycle and unlock the door. But when Mr. Bear unlocked and opened the front door, that is as far as he could get, for the Woozgoozle had wished for a whole lot of sticky taffy candy to be on the front step just as Mr. Bear arrived, and, when Mr. Bear's feet sank in the candy, they stuck fast.

So there stood Mr. Bear, looking in his front door but not able to enter. My! How he growled and grumbled! And to make it a lot worse for him, there sat Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle in Mr. Bear's best soft chairs, and on the table before them was a great bowl of ice-cream and a great dish of honey cakes, and the Woozgoozle and Johnny Mouse ate the cakes and ice-cream and smacked their lips and pretended never to know that Mr. Bear was anywhere near them.

"Wasn't Mr. Bear nice to invite us over to eat this nice ice-cream and these lovely honey cakes?" said the Woozgoozle as he winked at Johnny Mouse. "It's too bad Mr. Bear is not with us to have some of the ice-cream!"

"I'm afraid the ice-cream will all melt before he returns!"

"Oh, dear! I can't eat another mouthful," said the Woozgoozle."

"Nor I, either," said Johnny Mouse.

The Woozgoozle went to the window and threw all the remaining ice-cream and the cakes out. "Hey! Don't throw it away!" cried Mr. Bear. "I'm sorry I took your Magic Clock and the Wishing Stick, Mr. Woozgoozle!"

"If I knew when he would return, I would wish for some ice-cream and honey cakes to be on the table when he came in!" said the Woozgoozle, pretending he had not heard Mr. Bear at all.

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"I am afraid he won't be in to-day," said Johnny Mouse.

"I'm afraid not," replied the Woozgoozle, picking up his Magic Clock and Wishing Stick. "Let's run along home, Johnny Mouse, and wish for a lot of nice peppermint candy as we go!" And with that the Woozgoozle and Johnny Mouse walked out the back door and slammed it behind them and never once looked at Mr. Bear until they had found Johnny Mouse's bicycle and had walked down the path a little way. Then, from behind some ferns, they peeped out and watched Mr. Bear. First, Mr. Bear tried to pull his feet from the sticky taffy candy; but the harder he pulled the tighter they stuck, until finally he grew so tired pulling he had to sit down, and when once seated, he could do no more, for there he was, with his pants fastened tight as glue to the sticky taffy candy.

How the Woozgoozle and Johnny Mouse laughed. They laughed until they fell over and rolled about, for Mr. Bear made such desperate efforts to pull loose, and he could only wiggle this way and that and sit deeper and deeper in the taffy candy. Then, just before they left, the Woozgoozle rubbed his Wishing Stick and wished for a lot of peppermint candy to lie just out of Mr. Bear's reach, inside the front door.

"There!" said the Woozgoozle, "when the little ants finally eat all the sticky taffy candy from around Mr. Bear, he can get free and have the peppermint candy to eat!"

And the Woozgoozle and Johnny Mouse got upon the cute little red bicycle and rode toward home.





VI

THE WHAZISS

ONE day Johnny Mouse was out in the garden helping Gran'pa weed the potatoes when Gran'ma came to the back door and called, "Johnny, come here! Here's a letter from the Woozgoozle!" Johnny Mouse dropped his hoe and ran to the kitchen door where Gran'ma stood talking to the Woodpecker mailman.

Sure enough, it was a letter from the Woozgoozle asking Johnny Mouse to come over and spend the day. Johnny Mouse asked Gran'ma if he might go to see the Woozgoozle, and, of course, Gran'ma was glad to have Johnny go any time he wished. So Gran'ma took Johnny in the house, washed his face and hands, combed his hair, put on his little red pants, his white waist with the red stripes in it, and his pretty little hat. Then kissing Gran'ma good-by, Johnny Mouse hopped upon his little red bicycle and rode down the path leading toward the Woozgoozle's house.

Johnny Mouse remembered how Mr. Bear had taken his bicycle away from him the last time he had gone to visit the Woozgoozle, and what a lot of trouble he had getting it back again. This time Johnny Mouse intended taking no chances.

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so he watched around every bush and tree he came to, so that if Mr. Bear did jump out at him he could dodge to one side and escape. So Johnny Mouse pedaled along on his little red bicycle through the woods, listening to the birds singing overhead and the crickets chirping in the grass beside the path. Johnny had almost forgotten Mr. Bear, when just as he passed a great big stone, who should jump out but the old Whaziss. Now a Whaziss is a very peculiar animal. You will see by the drawing just what the Whaziss looks like, but, of course, that will give you no idea of what a Whaziss really is. You see, a Whaziss, while it has three legs is, in spite of this, very contrary and never, never does anything that it is expected to do. Now Johnny Mouse expected the Whaziss to take his bicycle away from him, but instead of this the Whaziss jumped out in front of Johnny and took Johnny away from the bicycle, running away with Johnny himself.

Johnny Mouse kicked and twisted and wriggled around, trying to get away from the Whaziss, but, of course, the Whaziss held on to Johnny Mouse very tightly. And when Johnny Mouse tried to bite the Whaziss, the Whaziss pinched Johnny Mouse's nose. So the Whaziss ran with Johnny Mouse, while Johnny Mouse screamed and called to the Woozgoozle as loud as he could. The Woozgoozle lived so far away, of course, he could not hear Johnny.

But after a while, when Johnny did not come in answer to his letter, the Woozgoozle took down his Magic Clock from the mantel and wished that he knew just where Johnny Mouse was and what was keeping him. The Woozgoozle had hardly made the wish before he knew the Whaziss had caught Johnny Mouse and had carried him to his home.

Now a Whaziss does not build its nest in a tree like a bird, nor underneath the ground like a rabbit. Instead of that, the Whaziss scoops out the inside of an old dead tree and climbing about half-way to the top, puts a ring into the wall of his home



After a while Mrs. Whaziss came in and said, "What do you intend doing with this little mouse?"

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and at night sleeps with one toe in the ring. So the Whaziss carried Johnny Mouse to its home in the old hollow tree. Johnny Mouse thought to himself, "Oh, dear me! The Whaziss will surely eat me!" But the Whaziss, never doing what he is expected to do, did just the opposite thing and did not eat Johnny Mouse.

After a while, Mrs. Whaziss came in and said, "What do you intend doing with this little mouse?"

And the Whaziss said, "What do you expect?"

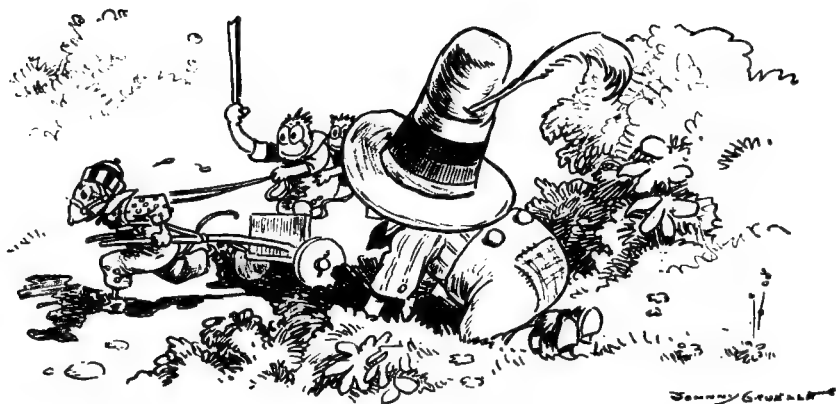
"I expect you intend letting him go again!" said Mrs. Whaziss.

Then Mr. Whaziss said, "Oh, no, I do not intend letting him go again. I thought I'd keep him tied up here until the children come home from school; then I'd give them Johnny Mouse to play with. They can hitch him to a little wagon and make him work and pull them about!"

"That will be fine!" said Mrs. Whaziss.

And this is what they did. When the Whaziss children came home from school Mr. Whaziss called to them and said, "See the nice mouse I brought you! You can hitch him up to your little wagon and he will pull you all about the woods!"

Johnny Mouse did not like this a bit and wished that the Woozgoozle would think of him. This was just about the time the Woozgoozle wished to know about Johnny Mouse and learned what was going on at the Whaziss house; so he lost no time. He hopped into his green automobile with the white wheels and with his Magic Clock under his arm he drove through the woods to the Whaziss home. But before he reached the Whaziss house, the Woozgoozle drove his little automobile under some large ferns and, leaving it there, crept on his hands and knees toward the Whaziss house. As he drew close, the Woozgoozle heard the laughter of the Whaziss children and every once in a while he would hear Mr. Whaziss say, "That's right, hit him with a stick and make him go fast!"



Now the Woozgoozle did not quite understand what this was all about, but he felt pretty sure that they were mistreating Johnny, so he crept up closer where he could see and, sure enough, the Whaziss children had Johnny Mouse hitched to a little wagon and were hitting him with sticks while Mr. and Mrs. Whaziss looked on and laughed. "This will never do!" thought the Woozgoozle, who was very kind of heart. So, wishing for a large stick himself, and finding it in his hand as soon as he made the wish, the Woozgoozle crept up behind Mr. Whaziss and hit him a whack across the back as hard as he could.

"Ouch!" howled Mr. Whaziss.

Then the Woozgoozle hit Mrs. Whaziss on the back with the stick.

"Ouch!" cried Mrs. Whaziss, and without looking behind them Mr. and Mrs. Whaziss ran as fast as they could. When the Whaziss children saw the Woozgoozle hit Mr. and Mrs. Whaziss with the sticks they jumped from the wagon and ran into the Whaziss tree-trunk just as fast as they could go.

The Woozgoozle lost no time in unhitching Johnny Mouse from the Whaziss wagon and asked Johnny Mouse if he was hurt.

"Not very much," said Johnny Mouse, "but I am very glad you came when you did."

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"My little green automobile with the white wheels is hid near by!" said the Woozgoozle. "Let's get into it and ride to my house before the Whazisses return with their friends."

Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle reached the Woozgoozle's house. And when they got inside the Woozgoozle said:

"The reason I was so anxious for you to come and spend the day with me was because I have thought of the loveliest wish to wish from the Magic Clock!"

"What is it?" asked Johnny.

"I think I shall wish for a real beautiful ice-cream soda-fountain to stand in the corner of my dining-room all the time, so that whenever any one comes to see me and they wish an ice-cream soda, all they will have to do is go to the fountain, select whatever flavor they like and hold the glass under the faucet and it will be filled with delicious ice-cream soda!"

Johnny Mouse said, "That will be a very nice wish; let's wish for it right away; I believe that I can drink twenty glasses after playing horse for the Whaziss children so long!"

"All right!" said the Woozgoozle, as he took his little Magic Clock and put his hand inside. "Now I wish for the loveliest ice-cream soda-fountain you ever saw!" And he closed his eyes as he made the wish. Before he could open them again, there in the corner of the Woozgoozle's dining-room stood the prettiest ice-cream soda-fountain you could ever imagine.

"Whee!" cried Johnny Mouse. "Let's have a chocolate ice-cream soda right away!"

"All right!" said the Woozgoozle as he took two glasses, held them under the faucet and filled them with chocolate ice-cream soda.

Of course, an ice-cream soda from a fountain like the one that the Woozgoozle wished for would never make any one's stomach ache, so Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle drank



fifteen or sixteen glasses of soda-water; first taking chocolate, then strawberry, then lemon and every other flavor they could think of until their stomachs stuck out like little round pumpkins.

"I do not believe I can drink any more," said Johnny Mouse, "although they were very, very good!"

"Nor I, either," said the Woozgoozle. "But pretty soon some one may come along who might like to have some; then we will have the pleasure of seeing them enjoy themselves as we have done!"

After thinking a while the Woozgoozle said, "I think it would be great fun for Gran'ma and Gran'pa Mouse, without knowing where it came from, to find a nice glass of ice-cream soda in their hands, no matter what they are doing, or where they may be!"

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"That would be a lovely wish!" said Johnny Mouse, who had thought before how nice it would have been if Gran'ma and Gran'pa could have been with them while he and the Woozgoozle drank the sodas.

"I'm going to wish that Gran'ma and Gran'pa each had a glass of chocolate ice-cream soda!" said the Woozgoozle, as he put his hand in the Magic Clock. "And I also wish that when they have finished the soda, the glasses will return and sit upon the little table here; then we will know when they have finished."

Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle sat and talked until, presently, there stood the two empty glasses on the table.

"Now we know that they have had and enjoyed the ice-cream soda!" said the Woozgoozle.

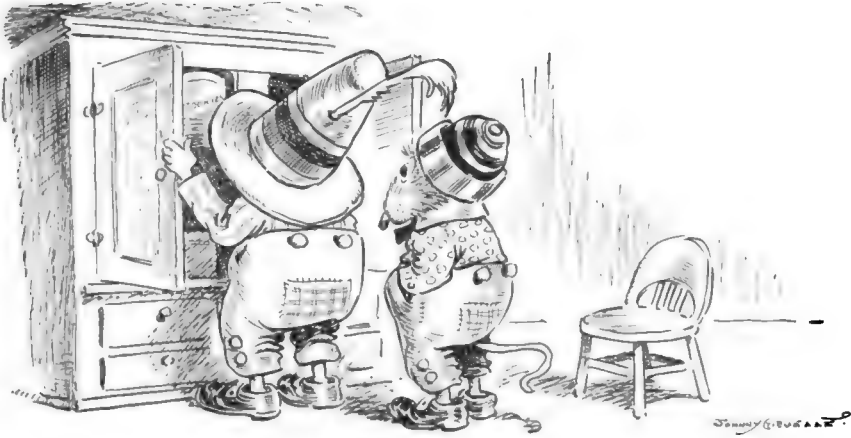
"I'll bet they were surprised," said Johnny Mouse, "to find such an unexpected treat in their hands!"

"No doubt they were!" laughed the Woozgoozle. Then he put his hand in the Magic Clock and said, "I wish each of the Whaziss children and Mr. and Mrs. Whaziss had a glass of ice-cream soda in their hands!"

"I think you have a very kind heart," said Johnny Mouse, "for you always wish to do so many good things for other people!"

The Woozgoozle poked Johnny Mouse playfully in the ribs. "Let's see if we can drink three more glasses of soda-water apiece—nectar, raspberry and pineapple!"





VII

THE MUD PUDDLE

"I BELIEVE I will get something to eat!" said the Woozgozzle, as he went out into his kitchen. He and Johnny Mouse had just drunk eighteen glasses of ice-cream soda, and, of course, this made them very hungry.

The Woozgozzle was just reaching up into the cupboard for a large plate with cream puffs when some one pounded on the front door, "*Bop! Bop! Bop!*"

"Run and see who it is, will you please," the Woozgozzle said to Johnny Mouse.

Johnny Mouse ran and opened the front door, hoping it might be Gran'ma and Gran'pa Mouse. But as he opened the front door, something grabbed Johnny Mouse and pulled him outside. The Woozgozzle, hearing Johnny Mouse cry out, ran to the front door to see what it was. And just as the Woozgozzle reached the front door something grabbed him and pulled him outside. Then he knew that the whole Whaziss family had caught them. It did not do Johnny Mouse and the Woozgozzle any good to kick and scream and wiggle, for there were too many of the Whaziss family to hold them.

There were Mr. and Mrs. Whaziss, two or three Uncle

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Whazisses, besides a lot of Whaziss cousins and aunts and the Whaziss children.

"Now we will pay you back for hitting us with a stick!" said Mr. Whaziss.

"Dear me!" thought the Woozgoozle. "They will give us both to the children to play with!"

But because they were expected to do this, and never did what they are expected to do, the Whaziss family finally decided to take Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle down to the big mud puddle and throw them in.

"That's just the thing to do!" cried all the Whaziss uncles, cousins and aunts, and, with this, they caught hold of Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle and ran with them through the woods to the big mud puddle. Then taking the Woozgoozle by the hands and feet, the Whaziss family threw him high in the air and laughed and yelled when he fell with a great muddy splash, right in the center of the big mud puddle. Then they did the same thing to Johnny Mouse.

The Whaziss family all said mean things to Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle and teased them as they floundered about in the mud. But finally the Whaziss family tired of this and went home, leaving Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle standing in mud up to their chins.

"Do not move until they are out of sight," the Woozgoozle whispered to Johnny Mouse. "Then we will go home, get the Magic Clock and wish all the mud off us!"

"This is a fine way to treat us after you wished them each to have a glass of ice-cream soda!" said Johnny Mouse.

"Indeed it is!" replied the Woozgoozle, who had to laugh to think how disappointed the Whaziss family would be if they but knew how soon he and Johnny Mouse would be nice and clean. So they waited until the Whaziss family were out of sight and hearing, then they scrambled from the mud puddle and ran to the Woozgoozle's house as fast as they could.

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But what was their surprise and dismay when they reached the Woozgoozle's house to hear the Whaziss family inside breaking up all the furniture!

Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle hid under some large ferns. "We will just have to wait until they get tired and go home," the Woozgoozle laughed, and, as there was nothing else to do, he and Johnny Mouse played mumbly-peg until the Whaziss family left the Woozgoozle's house and went home.

When Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle went into the house and saw that the ice-cream soda-fountain and all the furniture had been broken and scattered about, they were inclined to be mad, but the Woozgoozle soon discovered his Magic Clock under some broken furniture and he danced about in his joy.

"Never mind!" he said to Johnny Mouse, as he put his hand inside the Magic Clock. "We will soon have every thing fixed up."

So the Woozgoozle wished that he and Johnny Mouse did not have a single speck of mud on them and the wish came true so that they were really cleaner than when they had finished drinking the soda-water, especially around their mouths.

Then the Woozgoozle wished that all the broken furniture would be mended and in a twinkling it was mended.

"Now," said the Woozgoozle, "while it probably is not a nice thing to do, let's wish that all the Whaziss family were in the mud puddle just as they left us. Then they will know how it feels to be all muddy and perhaps in the future they will never do that to any one else again!"

"That will be a good idea!" said Johnny Mouse. "Let's wish it!"

"Let's go to the mud puddle first," said the Woozgoozle, "so we may see them!"

Then Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle jumped into the

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little green automobile with the white wheels and drove to the big mud puddle.

When they reached the mud puddle, the Woozgoozle took out his Magic Clock and said, "I wish that all the Whaziss family were deep in the mud puddle so they will know just how it felt when they threw us there!" The Woozgoozle had no more than made the wish when there was all the Whaziss family scrambling around in the mud puddle. When the Whaziss family saw Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle standing on the bank and laughing at them, they were indeed sorry that they had thrown Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle into the mud puddle.

"We will never, never do it again," said Mr. Whaziss.

"Indeed we shan't," said Mrs. Whaziss.

All the uncles and cousins and aunts of the Whaziss family were very sorry. "We'll always be good after this!"

"All right," said the Woozgoozle. "If you promise me faithfully that you will never throw any one else into the mud puddle, I tell you what I will do; I will invite you all to my front yard and then we'll have a party!"

This pleased the Whaziss family very much, for it does not feel very nice to be in the middle of a mud puddle. So Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle got in the little green automobile with the white wheels and drove to the Woozgoozle's front yard. Pretty soon here came all the Whaziss family, Mr. Whaziss and Mrs. Whaziss, their Whaziss children and all the aunts and uncles and cousins who had been in the mud puddle. Of course they presented a very comical sight, plastered with mud from head to feet, and Johnny Mouse could scarcely keep from laughing. The Woozgoozle, though, got his Magic Clock and wished that all the Whaziss family would be clean from all the mud. And of course he had no more than made the wish than all the Whaziss family were nice and clean; cleaner than they had ever been before.



"Now," said the Woozgoozle, "I am going to invite you in the house. When you came the last time you broke up my nice furniture and my lovely ice-cream soda-fountain!" The Whaziss family felt very much ashamed of themselves for they saw that the Woozgoozle was being very kind indeed to them, considering the way the Whaziss family had treated Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle.

"We are very sorry," said the big Whaziss and all the little Whazisses. "We will never do it again." They did not know what the ice-cream soda-fountain really was or perhaps they might not have broken it.

"I am glad to hear you say so," said the Woozgoozle. "Come on in!"

So with this, Johnny Mouse, the Woozgoozle and all the Whaziss family trooped into the Woozgoozle's nice little parlor and the Woozgoozle and Johnny Mouse passed around all the ice-cream soda-water that the Whaziss family could drink. It was the first time any of the Whaziss family had ever tasted soda-water and they were very fond of it right away. Then the Woozgoozle wished for a great plate of cream puffs and lady fingers and chocolate eclairs and lollypops and taffy

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candy; in fact, everything good to eat that he and Johnny Mouse could think of, so that when the Whaziss family had eaten all they could hold, the Woozgoozle had to wish that their faces and hands would be nice and clean again.

This was the first time the Whaziss family had ever had such nice things to eat and they were very grateful to the Woozgoozle.

"After this," said they, "we will always treat every one with kindness, for we see that you are getting as much pleasure out of giving us this nice party as we have had by being here, and if you or Johnny Mouse ever get into trouble, we will be glad to help you!"

"Thank you very much!" said Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle. "And we will be glad to help you in any way we may, too!"

"Thank you!" said the Whaziss family. "We think we had better go home now."

"Well, come back again," said the Woozgoozle.

"Yes, indeed, we will," the Whaziss family all replied. And they left.

"That was very nice of you, after the way they had treated us," said Johnny Mouse.

The Woozgoozle laughed. "You see, Johnny Mouse, it really pays one to be kind, for you know as well as I just how much pleasure there is in doing kindnesses for others. And by treating the Whaziss family with kindness we find they are no longer our enemies, but are our friends. So, you see, we have not only made them all happy, but have made our own hearts beat faster with happiness for their friendship!"

Then Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle went to the front door and stood with an arm about each other's shoulder listening to the Whaziss family as they went toward their homes, laughing and singing, their Whaziss hearts filled with loving thoughts of Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle.



VIII

THE PIRATE AND THE GOLDEN PENNIES

THE sun was just peeping up over the hill and sent a golden ray right through the tiny window into the little cigar-box house.

And when the golden ray of sunlight peeped through the tiny window it shone right upon the teeny, weeny pasteboard bed in which Johnny Mouse slept. Johnny Mouse opened his little black eyes and blinked them shut again for the golden ray of sunshine was very bright.

Johnny Mouse turned over in his teeny, weeny pasteboard bed intending to go right to sleep again, but he heard something making a sound like "Sizzle-sizzle-sizzle-sizzle."

Johnny Mouse pricked up one little gray ear, then he wiggled his tiny pink nose; next he sat up in bed and smiled the widest kind of mouse smile.

Johnny Mouse knew! Gran'ma Mouse was frying pancakes and sausage!

Johnny Mouse hopped out of bed and was out of his nighty and into his teeny, weeny mouse clothes in a twinkling. He washed his face and hands and brushed his hair and ran to the kitchen for Gran'ma Mouse to tie his little blue necktie.

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There sat the Woozgoozle. "Hello, Johnny Mouse!" laughed the Woozgoozle, when he saw how surprised Johnny was to see him there. "I was so hungry for pancakes last night when I went to bed, I took my Magic Stick and wished that the first time Gran'ma Mouse fried pancakes for breakfast that I would find myself sitting in your kitchen!"

"I'm glad Gran'ma fried pancakes this morning!" said Johnny Mouse.

"So am I!" said Gran'pa Mouse.

Johnny Mouse pulled the chairs up to the table and Gran'ma Mouse laughed and said, "Now you boys must eat a great big breakfast, because the Woozgoozle has told me that you are going to take a trip on his Magic Stick!"

This was pleasant news for Johnny Mouse, for he knew that he and the Woozgoozle always had a great adventure when they went anywhere together.

But it takes quite a while to eat a large breakfast of pancakes and sausage, for you know, each time either Johnny Mouse or the Woozgoozle passed his plate for more they said, "Please," and "Thank you," and they had to butter the pancake and pour golden colored maple sirup on it.

Johnny Mouse ate sixteen pancakes and nine sausages.

The Woozgoozle ate sixteen pancakes and nine sausages.

Gran'ma and Gran'pa Mouse, of course, ate more than that, for they were larger. When breakfast was over and Gran'ma had wiped the sirup from Johnny Mouse's and the Woozgoozle's chins, Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle sat upon the Magic Stick and wished it to take them up the path through the woods.

"Let's go up the stony path to the top of the great mountain," said Johnny Mouse.

"All right," said the Woozgoozle. "We never have been up there!"

Whenever the Woozgoozle (or any one else for that matter) touched the Magic Stick and wished, why, immediately



the wish came true. So the Woozgoozle wished for the Magic Stick to go up the stony path to the top of the mountain, and they sailed along just as fast and as lightly as a thistledown flying before the wind.

Up, up, they went, way up above the line where the trees stopped growing and there was nothing but small bushes and great stones.

Some of the stones were as large as a house, and that is why Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle almost missed seeing a queer little house built right down between two great stones.

"Stop, Stick," cried the Woozgoozle.

"H'm!" Johnny Mouse said. "What a funny little house!"

Indeed it was a funny little house. It was round and had two windows and a door. Over each window some one had painted big black stripes.

The door was between the windows and was painted red, and the door-step was red, too. The roof was green and shaped like Johnny Mouse's hat and the whole house looked for all the world like a man's head peeping at them from between the rocks.

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When the Magic Stick stopped, the Woozgoozle tucked it under his arm and he and Johnny Mouse walked up and rapped on the house's nose-door.

The nose-door opened; so Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle walked in.

They saw no one in the front room; so they walked into another room. There was no one there, either. Neither Johnny Mouse nor the Woozgoozle stopped to think that from the outside there had been only one room to the house, and they kept going from one room to another until they had gone through twenty doors.

"It's funny how large this house has grown since we got inside!" said Johnny Mouse. "You'd better wish us out of here!"

"I put the Magic Stick up against the house near the door!" said the Woozgoozle.

"Then I guess the best thing for us to do is to go back the way we came until we get back to the front door!" laughed Johnny Mouse.

When Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle had turned back and had gone through twenty-five doors, they stood and looked at each other in surprise.

"Dear me," laughed the Woozgoozle, "here we are, lost in a one-room house!"

"One room on the outside but no telling how many on the inside!" Johnny Mouse replied.

"The closer we come to the front door, the farther we get away from it!" laughed the Woozgoozle. "We went through twenty rooms away from the door and we've come back through twenty-five! Now the question is—if we go back through five rooms will we be nearer the door?"

Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle could do no more than guess; so they both sat down on a couch and scratched their heads and thought and thought.



As he passed the Pirate shook his fist at them.

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While they were thinking very hard they heard way off through the house a sound: "Klump-klink, klump-klink, klink-klink!" And it grew louder each moment. It was some one coming toward them—and whoever it was seemed to be quite angry, too, for a door slammed shut as the person passed through each door. Louder and louder came the "Klump-klink" until the Woozgoozle knew whoever it was, was in the next room; then quick as a flash the Woozgoozle ran toward the door and motioned Johnny Mouse to do the same; so when the door was flung open and a man came into the room, Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle stood behind the door.

Of course the strange man did not see Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle and he banged the door shut without looking around and walked across the room toward the other door. "Klump-klink, klump-klink."

He had a wooden leg and was dressed like a pirate.

He carried the Woozgoozle's Magic Stick under his arm.

"Who's been running through my house?

It smells like a little mouse!

When I catch him in a minute,

I'll make the soup and put him in it!"

The strange one-legged pirate had almost reached the other door when Johnny Mouse ran up behind him and snatched the Woozgoozle's Magic Stick from under his arm. All Johnny Mouse could think to say was, "Run!"

And as Johnny Mouse had pointed the Magic Stick straight at the Pirate, the Pirate had to run.

Out the door he went, "Klumpity-klink, klumpity-klink!"

Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle listened to the one-legged Pirate running through the house until the sound grew very faint; then it grew louder and louder until they knew the Pirate was coming back.

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"Here," said Johnny Mouse, "you take the stick. You will know what to do better than I will!"

"I think that you did fine before," said the Woozgoozle, as he took the stick.

When the one-legged Pirate came into the room again, he was running as hard as he could stretch and he came in the other door. As he passed Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle, the Pirate shook his fist at them. Three times the one-legged Pirate came in and out of the room on a run.

"I don't believe he can find the front door himself!" said Johnny Mouse.

"Then I wish he would find it the next time!" said the Woozgoozle. "And I also wish that we would find it, too."

When Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle went out the door of the queer little house, they saw the one-legged Pirate running around the house.

"I guess we had better go home!" said the Woozgoozle. "The Pirate may stop running and catch us!"

"Now that we have the Magic Stick there is nothing to be afraid of!" said Johnny Mouse. "Let's go around to the back door and see what is in the house from that way!"

So Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle went around and pushed open the door into the back of the queer little house, and there they saw a dear little old lady sitting in a chair.

"Good morning!" Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle both said.

"Good morning!" the little old lady replied. "Did you see anything of Peter the Pirate? You had better go before he comes! He has made me sit in this chair for a long, long time, and I can get up only to cook his meals."

The little old lady told Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle that the one-legged Pirate was really a magician and had charmed her so that she could not leave the chair except when he wished it.

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"Then," said the Woozgoozle, as he rubbed his Magic Stick, "I wish that you could leave the chair!" And he had no sooner said this than the little old lady found she could leave the chair.

Just then she spied the Pirate running around the house.

"We made him run with the Magic Stick!" said the Woozgoozle.

"Will he continue to run?" asked the little old lady.

"Yes, he will," laughed the Woozgoozle, "until I wish him to stop!"

"Then, while he runs, I will show you something." And the little old lady took Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle into another room filled with sacks.

"Each sack is full of golden pennies!" said the little old lady, "and the Pirate makes them with his magic. He likes to sit and count them every night. Just think how much pleasure he could get out of the golden pennies if he would only give them to people who really need them! Peter the Pirate never has need to spend any of them," the little old lady continued, "for he makes everything he needs with his magic!"

Johnny Mouse whispered to the Woozgoozle and the Woozgoozle closed his eyes, rubbed the Magic Stick and made a wish. The little old lady and every sack of golden pennies disappeared. Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle looked at each other and winked.

Then the Woozgoozle rubbed his Magic Stick and wished that he and Johnny Mouse were sitting in Gran'ma Mouse's kitchen; and there they were.

When they had told Gran'ma and Gran'pa Mouse of their adventure, Gran'pa Mouse asked, "Where did the little old lady and the pennies go to?"

"I wished that she would go to some city where there were many children who did not have pennies to buy things with and that she would give the golden pennies to all the children!"

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"That was a very nice, kindly wish," said Gran'ma and Gran'pa Mouse, "but you forget that you were taking the Pirate's golden pennies, and even if he is wicked, it is wrong for you to take what does not belong to you!"

Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle laughed. "We thought of that," said the Woozgoozle, "and when I closed my eyes and wished, I wished that as soon as the little old lady reached the city with the golden pennies, that other golden pennies just like those she had would come to the Pirate's room!"

"That was very thoughtful of you!" said Gran'ma Mouse as she piled a great heap of lovely pancakes on the plate in front of the Woozgoozle.

When the Woozgoozle had thanked Gran'ma Mouse and had helped Gran'ma, Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse to pancakes, he took his Magic Stick and wished. "I wish that Peter, the one-legged Pirate, would run into his house and find the table set and a great plate filled with lovely pancakes just like these; and that when he eats the pancakes he would forget all about the little old lady and never find her again!"

"That's fine!" cried Johnny Mouse, as he reached for the Woozgoozle's Magic Stick. "I wish the Pirate would always be kind to whoever visits his queer little house!"





IX

THE WHANGDOODLES

JOHNNY MOUSE was helping Gran'pa Mouse out in the little garden behind Gran'pa Mouse's tiny cigar-box house when Gran'ma Mouse came to the kitchen door and called. So Johnny Mouse ran to the kitchen door as fast as he could, for he had smelled the lovely doughnuts Gran'ma Mouse had been cooking.

"Here is a letter Mr. Woodpecker, the mailman, just left," said Gran'ma.

The letter was from the Woozgoozle and asked Johnny Mouse to come over to the Woozgoozle's house.

So Gran'ma Mouse washed Johnny Mouse's neck and ears and put on his pretty little clean waist and pants, and telling Johnny Mouse to be careful, she kissed him good-by and watched him skip down the path through the woods.

It did not take Johnny Mouse very long to reach the Woozgoozle's house, and he knocked at the front door.

Then as the Woozgoozle did not answer, Johnny Mouse ran around to the back door. My goodness! What a sight met his little mouse eyes!

The kitchen door was broken down and when Johnny

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Mouse looked inside the room he saw the furniture broken and scattered about.

Johnny Mouse ran through all the rooms calling the Woozgoozle, but he received no answer. "Whoever could it have been?" wondered Johnny Mouse as he saw signs of scuffling in each room.

Some one, whoever it was, had come into the Woozgoozle's home and carried the Woozgoozle away, of that Johnny Mouse was sure. Even the Woozgoozle's lovely Magic Clock was gone. Johnny Mouse looked into a closet where the Woozgoozle usually kept his Magic Stick, and there, leaning up against the wall, Johnny Mouse saw it.

"Now," said Johnny Mouse as he took the stick, "I'll bet old Mr. Bear has been here and carried the Woozgoozle and his Magic Clock away!"

Johnny Mouse knew how to work the Magic Wishing Stick, so he got on it and wished the stick to take him to Mr. Bear's house. But when Johnny Mouse reached old Mr. Bear's house, there sat Mr. Bear out on his front porch smoking his pipe.

"Have you seen the Woozgoozle?" Johnny Mouse asked.

"No!" Mr. Bear replied, "but I saw a strange-looking creature going over toward the Woozgoozle's house a while ago as I came through the woods."

When Johnny Mouse told Mr. Bear of what had happened at the Woozgoozle's house, Mr. Bear put on his hat and said he would help Johnny Mouse find the Woozgoozle.

"You know," said Mr. Bear, "I used to be mad at the Woozgoozle, and I tried to work his Magic Stick once, but I have found that the Woozgoozle is a nice neighbor!"

Johnny Mouse was very glad to hear this, so he asked Mr. Bear to climb on the Magic Wishing Stick, and then he wished the stick to take them to wherever the Woozgoozle might be.

This was a mighty hard wish for the Magic Wishing Stick

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and it just carried Johnny Mouse and Mr. Bear in circles for a while as if it were trying to make up its mind just which way to go, but finally it started off through the woods so fast the trees and bushes just whizzed by.

The Magic Stick carried Johnny Mouse and Mr. Bear through a part of the woods that Johnny Mouse had never visited before and finally stopped at a great flat stone lying upon the ground.

"There are tracks here!" said Mr. Bear, "and they all lead to this stone, so the Woozgoozle must be down beneath it!"

Mr. Bear tried to lift the stone, but it was much too heavy, so Johnny Mouse pushed the end of the Magic Wishing Stick down beneath the edge of the stone and said, "I wish you to raise the stone!" And he had hardly finished speaking when the great stone began to move and rose right up just like a door. Then grasping the Magic Stick tightly in his hands and being ready to wish himself and Mr. Bear out of the hole if anything happened, Johnny Mouse went down the stone steps until he came to a long hall. Mr. Bear followed close at Johnny Mouse's heels, and they walked until they came to another door. Mr. Bear could open this one, for it was not locked and they looked out over a great country. Johnny Mouse and Mr. Bear again climbed on the Magic Wishing Stick, and it carried them to a large town and right down the street.

Queer creatures ran in all directions as Johnny Mouse and Mr. Bear sailed down the streets on the Magic Stick and then when they saw Johnny Mouse and Mr. Bear ride up to the largest house in the town, all the queer creatures followed.

"It was one of these creatures that went to the Woozgoozle's house!" said Mr. Bear, "and I'll bet a nickel this is where the king lives!"

Mr. Bear's guess was right, for when Johnny Mouse and Mr. Bear knocked on the door with the Magic Stick, a creature



dressed as a soldier opened the door and motioned them to come inside.

Neither Johnny Mouse nor Mr. Bear could understand what the soldier said, but they followed him until they came to a large room. There they saw the king sitting in a great chair and upon the floor before him was the Woozgoozle all tied up tight with ropes.

The king was talking to the Woozgoozle, but of course the Woozgoozle could not understand him any better than Johnny Mouse or Mr. Bear. And the more the king talked, the angrier he became, for he had the Woozgoozle's Magic Clock in his hands and he was very anxious to find out just how to work it.

"I wish that I knew what he was saying!" thought Johnny Mouse and, as he had the Woozgoozle's Magic Wishing Stick in his hands, of course his wish came true.

"Monkey!" said the king of the queer creatures. "If you do not tell me how to make my wishes come true with this clock, I will put you in the ice-box prison!" And when the king said this, Johnny Mouse told Mr. Bear what he said.

"He must not put the Woozgoozle in the ice-box prison!" said Mr. Bear, "for I have heard of that place and it is too cold for even a Polar Bear!" Then he said out loud to Johnny

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Mouse: "I know who these queer creatures are now. They are Whangdoodles!"

When the Whangdoodle king heard Mr. Bear speak, he noticed for the first time that Johnny Mouse and Mr. Bear were in the room and it made him very angry to be interrupted. "Bring them near me!" the Whangdoodle king called to the soldiers, so twenty of the soldiers ran and pulled Mr. Bear and Johnny Mouse up before the king.

Johnny Mouse did not let on that he could understand what the Whangdoodle king said, and as the king talked to Mr. Bear and Mr. Bear shouted back at the king, Johnny Mouse had to hold his hand over his mouth to keep from laughing, for the king called Mr. Bear a monkey and Mr. Bear called the king "poodle dog" and neither understood the other.

Finally the Whangdoodle king grew so angry he reached out and tweaked Mr. Bear's nose. This made the tears come to Mr. Bear's eyes, but he could still see well enough to cuff the Whangdoodle king right out of his big chair. And then as the Whangdoodle soldiers all started piling upon Mr. Bear, Johnny Mouse remembered that the Woozgoozle had told him once before a story of a man who had a Magic Stick and when he wished the stick to assist him, he would say, "Stick, out of the bag!" and the stick would fly out of the bag and would strike every one who was trying to hurt the man.

So Johnny Mouse thought: "If that stick could do it, then this Magic Stick can do it, too!" So he said: "I wish the stick would fight them!" And he had no sooner made the wish than the Woozgoozle's Magic Stick flew about the room so fast Johnny Mouse could scarcely see it, and whenever it stopped it whacked either the Whangdoodle king or one of his soldiers on the head.

They could not stand this very long, so they ran from the room as fast as they were able and crowded so much going through the doors they stepped all over the king.

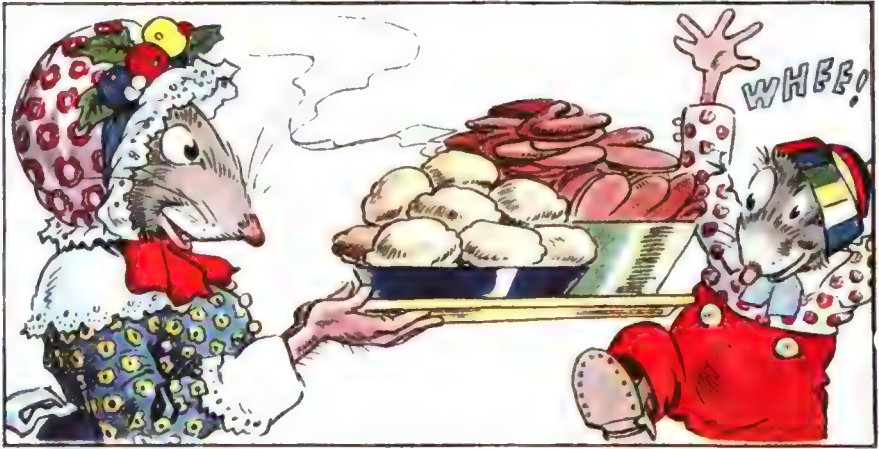
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As soon as the Whangdoodle king and the soldiers left the room, Johnny Mouse ran and picked up the Woózgoozle's Magic Clock, and wishing himself, Mr. Bear and the Woozgoozle at Gran'ma and Gran'pa Mouse's house, the first thing Johnny Mouse knew there the three of them stood in the corner of Gran'ma Mouse's kitchen. Gran'ma Mouse was just taking a large pan of cream puffs out of the oven. Then Gran'ma Mouse pulled a large pan of gingerbread cookies out of the oven, and as she turned around she was so surprised to see Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle and Mr. Bear she almost dropped the cookies.

The Woozgoozle was still tied with the Whangdoodle ropes, so Gran'ma Mouse hurried and untied them, so that the Woozgoozle could catch up with Johnny Mouse and Mr. Bear who had already eaten six cream puffs apiece.

And when Gran'pa Mouse came in from the garden Gran'ma Mouse motioned him to remain silent, for she knew that it was very hard to talk while eating cream puffs and gingerbread cookies, and that if she and Gran'pa Mouse would only wait, they would hear of the wonderful adventure of Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle.





X

THE WHIRLING JINNEY

GRAN'MA MOUSE had just finished baking the loveliest gingerbread cookies and the creamiest of delicious cream puffs, so you may be sure Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle and Mr. Bear ate as many as they could hold. For you know how good gingerbread cookies and cream puffs are.

Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle now knew Mr. Bear so well and were so friendly with him that they began calling him by his first name. And that was Billie.

When the three friends had finished eating, Gran'ma Mouse washed their hands and faces and said: "Now, you boys had better run out and play, or else you will get sleepy!"

"I'm already sleepy!" said Billie Bear. "That is the way I tell when I have had enough to eat. I eat until I get sleepy!"

"Run out in the garden and see what I have made for you!" Gran'pa Mouse said. "I believe when you see it you will have so much fun you will soon be wanting something more to eat!"

Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle laughed at this, but they hurried out the back door, leaving Billie Bear to smoke a pipe with Gran'pa Mouse.

When they reached the little Mouse garden, Johnny Mouse

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and the Woozgoozle found that Gran'pa Mouse had built the nicest Whirling Jinney.

A Whirling Jinney is a post set in the ground and a board with a hole bored in the center and a bolt running through the hole into the post, so the board is balanced upon the post, but will whirl around when two persons hang on the ends of the board and push with their feet.

Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle could make the Whirling Jinney go around so fast it almost made them dizzy and they were having a great time laughing and shouting when they saw coming toward them a whole band of the Whangdoodle soldiers led by the Whangdoodle king.

When the Whangdoodles saw Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle, they gave a great Whangdoodle shout and ran to capture them.

It was a good thing for Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle that they had the Whirling Jinney going fast, for the Whangdoodles surely would have captured them easily, for the Woozgoozle's Magic Stick was behind the door in the kitchen of the Mouses' little cigar-box house.

But as the Whangdoodle king and his soldiers ran up to capture Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle the Whirling Jinney caught them a whack as it whirled around and knocked them head over heels back out of the way.

But there were a great many Whangdoodle soldiers and the Whangdoodle king, who had been the first to be knocked over sat back out of the way rubbing his bumped head and ordered the soldiers to rush in and capture Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle.

Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle made the Whirling Jinney fly around all the faster, so that as each soldier rushed to catch them, the Whirling Jinney bumped into him and sent him flying until all the Whangdoodles sat about the ground rubbing their bumped heads.

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Then the Whangdoodle king, seeing that he could not capture Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle by rushing in and catching hold of them, looked about the garden for some other means. And there in the center of Gran'pa Mouse's vegetable garden was a large pile of Mouse potatoes which he had just dug.

Then the Whangdoodle king gave a Whangdoodle cry and followed by all his Whangdoodle soldiers ran to the pile of Mouse potatoes.

And as Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle whirled around on the Whirling Jinney, the Whangdoodles pelted them with the Mouse potatoes.

Now, Whangdoodles can not throw so very hard, nor so very straight, but once in a while one of the Mouse potatoes would hit Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle, and finally the Whangdoodles succeeded in knocking off the Woozgoozle's tall hat and raising a large bump on his head, so that he had to stop pushing the Whirling Jinney and rub the spot.

Then with another great Whangdoodle whoop, the king and his Whangdoodle soldiers ran toward Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle.

You would have thought that Gran'pa Mouse and Billie Bear would have heard the racket in the Mouse garden long before this, and indeed they had, but they thought it was made by Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle in their play.

But when they had finished their pipes, Gran'pa Mouse and Billie Bear walked to the kitchen door in time to see the Whangdoodles hit the Woozgoozle upon the head with a potato. And there, scattered all about the garden were the rest of the Mouse potatoes. And Gran'pa Mouse had worked all morning digging and piling the potatoes up into a neat pile.

Gran'pa Mouse hardly ever lost his temper, but he did not care to have any one, and especially a Whangdoodle, hurting either Johnny Mouse or the Woozgoozle, so he reached behind

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the door for his cane, and with the first thing his hands touched, he ran out and whacked the Whangdoodle king upon his head.

Then the Whangdoodle soldiers began hitting Gran'pa Mouse, and Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle picked up potatoes and threw them at the soldiers about Gran'pa Mouse. And Billie Bear caught up Gran'ma Mouse's broom and with this he was able to upset the Whangdoodles as fast as they came toward him.

But there were too many Whangdoodles, and they pulled Gran'pa Mouse to the ground and all sat upon him. Others caught Johnny Mouse and sat upon him, and the Woozgoozle, seeing a number of Whangdoodles about to jump upon Billie Bear's back, threw the largest potato he could find.

But the Woozgoozle's aim was poor and instead of hitting a Whangdoodle as he had intended, the Mouse potato struck Billie Bear right on the back of his head, and when he stopped swinging Gran'ma Mouse's broom, the soldiers piled on him and sat there.

And the Woozgoozle, in surprise at hitting poor Billie Bear such a hard crack with the Mouse potato, did not watch and the rest of the Whangdoodle soldiers threw him to the ground and sat on him.

The Whangdoodles were all out of breath; so they just sat upon Gran'pa Mouse, Billie Bear, Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle until they could get rested. Then they intended making the Woozgoozle give the Whangdoodle king the Magic Clock, so that they could have all their wishes come true.

Gran'ma Mouse had been sweeping out the little parlor in the Mouse home and doing what work had to be done there while her dinner cooked in the kitchen; so she did not pay any attention to the noise back in the Mouse garden.

But when Gran'ma thought she smelled her dinner burning, she ran and took it from the oven, and as she placed it on the kitchen table, she looked out of the window and saw four

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piles of Whangdoodles. Gran'ma Mouse knew in a moment that something unusual had happened and without hesitation she caught up a pail of water and running to the nearest pile of Whangdoodles, she drenched them. Then she ran to the rain barrel and brought another pail of water and threw this upon the second pile of Whangdoodles. Gran'ma Mouse did this four times and thoroughly soaked all the Whangdoodles.

Now it is a queer thing, but the chief reason why the Whangdoodles wished to have the Woozgoozle's Magic Clock was so that they could be happy and when Gran'ma Mouse soused them with the nice cool clean water it took them by surprise and they rubbed their faces until they were clean.

And when their faces were clean, they knew that they had been doing something wrong, and they stood about and dug their big toes into the soft dirt in the garden, for they felt very much ashamed of themselves.

When the Whangdoodles quit sitting upon them, Gran'pa Mouse, Billie Bear, Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle got up and brushed off their clothes and wondered just what had taken place. Then Johnny Mouse, who was the only one who could understand what the Whangdoodles said, ran into the house for the Woozgoozle's Magic Stick. But as it was not behind the door where the Woozgoozle had left it, Johnny ran out to the garden again and found it just where Gran'pa Mouse had dropped it when the Whangdoodles piled upon him.

Johnny Mouse caught up the stick and wished that the Whangdoodles would understand them and that they would understand the Whangdoodles; so in a few minutes every thing was explained.

"You see," said the Whangdoodle king, "in the Land of the Whangdoodles we have no water. All the springs are of sirup and molasses, so that every time we take a drink we get our faces just that much stickier, and now we know since we have washed our faces, that that is one reason why we were



"I know just how you must have felt!" Johnny Mouse said.

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unhappy. And as we had heard of the Woozgoozle's Magic Clock, we wanted to have it and wish for happiness!"

"I know just how you must have felt," Johnny Mouse said, "for I know how unpleasant it is to have a sticky, dirty face. No wonder you were unhappy."

The Woozgoozle, too, felt very sorry for the Whangdoodles, and he took his Magic Stick from Johnny Mouse and said: "First I shall wish that all the bumps and bangs we have given the Whangdoodles and which the Whangdoodles have given us will not hurt even a teeny, weeny bit. Then I wish that next to each sirup or molasses spring in the Land of the Whangdoodles there will appear a spring of pure clean cool water. Then I wish for a great table out here under the bushes filled with all sorts of nice food; and here it is!"

"You can't eat with those dirty hands!" Gran'ma Mouse told the Whangdoodle king. "You will find a wash pan and soap and towel beside the kitchen door." So Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle showed the Whangdoodle king and his soldiers how to wash in a wash pan, for they had never seen one before.

Then when all were nice and clean, they sat about the long table and ate and ate, for you know how hungry they all must have been after so much exercise.

Then before they left, the Woozgoozle gave the Whangdoodle king a piece of his Magic Stick to take home with him. "Now if you think of any other nice things to wish for, you can have them!" the Woozgoozle said.

"I'm going to wish for a wash pan and a barrel of nice clean cool water and soap and towel at the side of every kitchen door in the Land of the Whangdoodles!" said the king.

"That is a good wish," Gran'ma Mouse said. "It is hard to be happy if we do not keep ourselves pretty and clean. So I know your wish will bring contentment to the Whangdoodles."

And so it proved; as Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle found out when they visited the Land of the Whangdoodles.



XI

THE INVISIBLE PIG

ONE day when Johnny Mouse was playing out in front of Gran'pa Mouse's little cigar-box house, Johnny Cricket came hopping up. "What do you think, Johnny Mouse?" cried Johnny Cricket. "When I passed the large red stone down by the path through the woods, I saw Billie Bear running home as fast as he could, and he looked as if he thought something was running after him!"

"Hmm!" Johnny Mouse replied. "Did he come from the Woozgoozle's house, Johnny Cricket?"

"I do not know whether he had been to the Woozgoozle's house or not," Johnny Cricket answered, "but I never have seen Billie Bear run so fast before, and he came from the direction of the Woozgoozle's house!"

"Let's run over and ask the Woozgoozle!" suggested Johnny Mouse.

"I would like to go," said Johnny Cricket, "but I have to go to the Katydid's tin can grocery and get mama a sunflower seed for dinner!"

"Then I believe I shall go myself!" said Johnny Mouse. So Johnny Mouse ran and asked Gran'ma Mouse if he might

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go, and then jumped upon his little red bicycle and rode down the path, lickety split, until he came to the Woozgoozle's house.

The Woozgoozle was out on his front porch in a rocking chair and sound asleep with his hat pulled down over his eyes; so he did not know Johnny Mouse was near until Johnny Mouse shook him a few times and awakened him.

"Dear me! What's the trouble?" the Woozgoozle laughed.

Johnny Mouse told him just what Johnny Cricket had said about Billie Bear.

"That's funny!" said the Woozgoozle. "Billie Bear was here about two hours ago and wanted me to take a walk with him, but I had just had six glasses of strawberry soda and nineteen ladyfinger cookies and I felt too sleepy!"



This made Johnny Mouse's little pink nose wiggle, for he was very fond of strawberry ice-cream sodas and ladyfingers. Johnny Mouse was too polite to ask for any, though he knew the Woozgoozle had a soda-water fountain in his front room.

"I tell you what, Johnny Mouse," said the Woozgoozle. "We had better walk down toward Billie Bear's house and see why he was running faster than he ever ran before!"

So, leaving his little red bicycle standing beside the porch, Johnny Mouse walked with the Woozgoozle through the woods to Billie Bear's house. When they reached the front gate they

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stopped, for Billie Bear's front door flew open and Billie Bear came bouncing out, and without paying any attention to Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle, Billie Bear jumped over the fence and ran through the woods as fast as he could run.

"Well, well!" cried Johnny Mouse.

"Land sakes!" said the Woozgoozle. "Did you ever see the like? He acted as if he had a bee in his ear!"

Johnny Mouse did not know what to think of Billie Bear, but he knew it wasn't a bee in Billie Bear's ear and said so.

"I saw Billie Bear one day when the bees got after him," said Johnny Mouse, "and he didn't act that way at all! There's something else troubling him! Let's go in his house and maybe we can find out just what it is!"

"I don't hear a thing!" said the Woozgoozle, when he and Johnny Mouse had tiptoed up on Billie Bear's front porch. "Let's go in!"

"All right!" said Johnny Mouse, and he pushed the door open.

Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle walked inside Billie Bear's house, and as they looked about at the furniture, which was all topsy-turvy, a plate with a large piece of honey on it came floating through the air and hovered over one of the chairs still standing right side up; and as Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle stood looking, the honey gradually disappeared. Then when the plate was empty, it sailed through the air out to Billie Bear's pantry and came back again with a large piece of pie upon it. The pie disappeared just as the honey had done.

"I never saw anything like that before!" Johnny Mouse whispered to the Woozgoozle.

"Nor I, either!" the Woozgoozle replied, and he walked over to where the plate hovered over the chair and gave the plate a jerk. The Woozgoozle jerked the plate toward himself, and the plate immediately was jerked the other way so suddenly the Woozgoozle's hat went flying across the floor.

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"I thought so!" said the Woozgoozle, as he picked up his hat. "Whoever it is, he is strong."

"He's invisible, too!" said Johnny Mouse. "Perhaps we had better go back to your house and have some strawberry ice-cream sodas!"

"I don't know what to think," said the Woozgoozle, as he scratched his head. "See, the plate is going out to the pantry again and whoever has hold of it is very hungry!"

Just then Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle heard the front gate slam and Billie Bear came bouncing in the door with the Woozgoozle's Wishing Stick.

"I wish whoever it is would be so we could see him!" cried Billie Bear.

And, of course, he had no sooner made the wish than Buster Bear, Billie's brother, came walking out of the pantry, with a piece of cake on the plate.

"Well, of all things!" cried Billie Bear. "Where did you come from, Buster?"

Buster Bear looked at Billie Bear in surprise. "I've been here for almost an hour," he replied. "When I couldn't get you to stop and let me tell you how hungry I was and you started to run home, I followed you as fast as I could. You acted so frightened and upset all the furniture when I caught your coat-tails and tried to hold you!"

Billie Bear handed the Woozgoozle the Wishing Stick and laughed.

"Well, who wouldn't be frightened?" he said. "You were invisible and I did not know who or what you were, and when you followed me through the woods, I ran so fast I nearly lost my shoes!"

"Nonsense!" Buster Bear said, when he had swallowed the last of the cake. "I wasn't invisible. I could see myself just as well then as I can now!"

"But you really were invisible!" said Johnny Mouse.



"Really and truly?" Buster Bear asked. "Then is that the reason you two acted so strange when you came in the house?"

"Surely it is!" Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle both cried. "We couldn't see you at all!"

"Then that explains why you acted so funny," Buster Bear laughed. "I wondered why you jerked the plate away from me," he said to the Woozgoozle.

Billie Bear straightened the furniture and put things back in their places, then he pushed up chairs for Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle and himself. "Now, tell us how you came to be invisible, Buster," he said.

"Well," Buster Bear answered, "of course, I did not know that I was invisible, but I have had a strange adventure and perhaps that will account for you not being able to see me!"

The Woozgoozle, knowing that Buster Bear must be thirsty after eating so much honey and pie and cake rubbed his Wish-ing Stick and wished for a lot of strawberry ice-cream sodas and while they sipped the sodas, Buster Bear told the following strange story:

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"I went up over Pine Hill day before yesterday to hunt a tree filled with honey," he said, "and as I walked down the other side of Pine Hill toward the brook I saw an old man stooping over a little fire and blowing upon it with a tiny bellows. He did not hear me at all and I peeped around a big beechnut tree and watched him. He only had a few little sticks on the fire, yet there was as much smoke as if he was burning a hay-stack. Sometimes I could hardly see him, and then the wind would blow the smoke away and I could see him stirring a little kettle with his cane. Whenever the fire quit smoking a lot, the old man would quit stirring the soup in the little kettle and would blow upon the fire with the bellows.

"I watched him until I grew tired and then walked up closer to see better. He must have been interested in what he was doing, for he did not know that I stood right in back of him until the smoke got in my nose and made me sneeze. Then, goodness me! How he did jump and run! He left his bellows right where he dropped it and the last I saw of him was when he jumped the brook and ran through the bushes. So I thought to myself, 'Well, Mister Man, if you don't care for your soup, I'll drink it myself.' But when I took it from the fire and cooled it, it didn't taste a bit good, and I put the kettle back on the fire and left it there!"

"Did you drink much of the soup?" asked Billie Bear.

"Oh, no!" Buster Bear answered. "It was very sour and I only took a taste!"

"That was lucky for you then," said the Woozgoozle, "for while you have been talking, I rubbed my Wishing Stick and wished to know who the old man was and what the soup was!"

"And did you find out?" Buster and Billie Bear both asked.

"Yes, indeed!" the Woozgoozle replied. "The old man was Madoola the Magician, and he was making a brew of roots and leaves which has the magical power to change any one into just whatever the Magician wishes him to be, and if

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you had drunk a whole lot, I am sure you would have changed into a pig, or something like that!"

"I'm glad that I didn't change into a pig!" laughed Buster Bear. "I want to have some manners and a pig has none whatever, but I found the honey tree any way, and I stayed there all day yesterday and last night, and I ate every bit of the honey!"

"There!" cried Billie Bear. "After all, I'll bet you were an invisible pig!"

Buster Bear looked a little ashamed but said: "Well, to tell the truth I really did feel as if I were a pig, for I knew all the time that I should share the honey with you, Billie Bear!"

"Well, well, well!" the Woozgoozle laughed, "I have just wished to see whether you were a pig or not, Buster, and I saw that you were. But I tell you what I am going to wish," the Woozgoozle continued, "I am going to wish that the honey tree you found will be filled with honey again, so that any time you go to it, you will find that it has as much honey in it as the day you first found it!"

Buster Bear laughed. "You are trying to make a pig out of me again and I shan't be a pig ever again! The tree can belong to Billie Bear!"





XII

THE SNICKLEFRITZ

JOHNNY MOUSE went hippety-hop through the woods as fast as his little feet would carry him. And who wouldn't have run fast if he had been in Johnny Mouse's little weeny shoes? For, just behind Johnny Mouse and reaching out his hands to catch him, came a Snicklefritz.

My! How Johnny Mouse ran, jumping over the stones and sticks which lay in his path and dodging around the ones too large to jump over. And the Snicklefritz jumped as Johnny Mouse jumped and dodged, and every moment Johnny Mouse thought the Snicklefritz would catch him.

And when Johnny Mouse tried to jump over a stick that was too high and caught his toe and fell on the other side, the Snicklefritz jumped clear over the stick and tagged Johnny Mouse, at the same time saying: "Tag! You're it!"

Then the Snicklefritz turned from Johnny Mouse and started running away. Johnny Mouse's little black eyes stuck so far out of his little head they might easily have been knocked off with a stick, and he ran his hand up through his hair in surprise, for Johnny Mouse had thought when the Snicklefritz had started chasing him, that the Snicklefritz had meant to harm him.

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Now, Johnny Mouse was so surprised, he could only sit upon the ground and look after the Snicklefritz. When the Snicklefritz saw that Johnny Mouse did not chase him, he turned and came back toward Johnny Mouse. "You're it!" he said.

"My goodness!" Johnny Mouse laughed. "I thought you were after me for something! I don't know what!"

"Oh, my, no!" replied the Snicklefritz. "I thought we could have a nice game of Catcher, but, if you are too tired, Johnny Mouse, we can rest a while and then start again!"

So the Snicklefritz came and sat down on the grass with Johnny Mouse, and there they were sitting and talking when the Woozgoozle came along.

Johnny Mouse introduced the Woozgoozle to the Snicklefritz, and they shook hands. Johnny Mouse told the Woozgoozle about the Snicklefritz chasing him, and they all had a good laugh.

"I grew so tired playing all alone down under the ground!" said the Snicklefritz. "For, ever since last Saturday afternoon, I haven't seen another Snicklefritz or any of my old friends!"

"Where did they all go to?" asked Johnny Mouse.

"I do not know," said the Snicklefritz, as he brushed a tear from his cheek. "When I went home last Saturday afternoon, every one had gone! There wasn't even a Snicklefritz Bow-wow in all Snicklefritz Town!"

Then he told Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle that he had come up out of the hole in the ground last Saturday to find some flowers for his mama, and when he went down again, every thing in Snicklefritz Town seemed so strange, and he could find no one. So he had stayed at home, thinking that every one would be back Saturday night, but no one returned. So he stayed at home until to-day and then he had come up out of the ground and had tried to play with Johnny Mouse.

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"I believe," said the Woozgoozle, "that something must have happened to all the Snicklefritzes and we should go down in under the ground with you and see if we can help you. Don't you think so, Johnny Mouse?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Johnny Mouse, who was always ready to help any one who happened to be in trouble. "But we had better take your Wishing Stick with us!"

"I'll run right home and get it!" said the Woozgoozle. "You stay here and I'll be right back!"

So Johnny Mouse and the Snicklefritz sat on the soft grass and talked while they waited for the Woozgoozle to return. They waited and they waited, until Johnny Mouse began to fidget and finally said: "Something must have happened to the Woozgoozle or he would have been back by now. Let's go to his house; perhaps he can't find his Wishing Stick."

When Johnny Mouse and the Snicklefritz came to the Woozgoozle's house they called as loud as they could but the Woozgoozle did not answer.

"Maybe we missed him when we came through the woods," said the Snicklefritz. "He may have taken a different path!"

"No," said Johnny Mouse, "I am sure we did not miss the Woozgoozle on the way here. We will go inside his house and see if he has gone to sleep."

So Johnny Mouse and the Snicklefritz went into the Woozgoozle's house, but the Woozgoozle was not there.

Then Johnny Mouse went to the little cupboard where the Woozgoozle kept the Magic Clock and took it from the shelf.

"Now," said Johnny Mouse, "we will soon find the Woozgoozle."

So Johnny Mouse caught hold of the Snicklefritz's hand and taking the Magic Clock in the other, he wished to know where the Woozgoozle had gone. Of course, you surely must know that when one has a Magic Clock and makes a wish, the wish immediately comes true, so Johnny Mouse's wish immedi-



My! How Johnny Mouse ran, and every moment he thought the Snickelfritz would catch him.

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ately came true, and he knew that the Woozgoozle was in the castle of Grumpygrundy, the Witch.

"We must go there at once!" Johnny Mouse told the Snicklefritz. Johnny Mouse then made a wish that he and the Snicklefritz were in the castle of Grumpygrundy, the Witch, and before you could say two words, there they both stood in the center of a great big room and all about them were many doors. Johnny Mouse went to one door and listened. Yes, he heard the Woozgoozle talking to some one and Johnny thought it must be Grumpygrundy.

"You have the Stick, but you will never know how to use it!" said the Woozgoozle. "For I made a wish with it a long, long time ago that no wishes would come true unless they were nice wishes which bring happiness to some one! And as you are very selfish, you will never be able to have your wishes come true, because your wishes would not bring any one happiness!"

Then Johnny Mouse heard something sound, "Whack, Whack!" and he knew that Grumpygrundy had struck the Woozgoozle with the Magic Stick.

"I'll make a wish that will teach her a lesson!" thought Johnny Mouse; so he wished the Wishing Stick would feel red-hot to the Witch.

Johnny Mouse and the Snicklefritz could hear Grumpygrundy give a loud yell and dance about the room, and they heard the Wishing Stick fall to the floor.

"Now," Johnny Mouse said to the Snicklefritz, "let's go in and see what Grumpygrundy has to say!"

When Johnny Mouse and the Snicklefritz went into the room, there was the Woozgoozle sitting upon the floor with his hands and feet tied together, and Grumpygrundy, the Witch, was hopping about blowing first upon one hand and then upon the other. When she saw Johnny Mouse and the Snicklefritz, she knew it must have been they who made the

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Wishing Stick so hot, and she started to say a magic word to change them into different kinds of animals, but Johnny Mouse was a bright little fellow and thought very quickly: "I wish her wishes would not come true!" And, when the Witch tried to use her magic, she found that it had no effect upon either Johnny Mouse or the Snicklefritz. My, but wasn't she angry!

The Woozgoozle was very glad to see Johnny Mouse with his Magic Clock and he was still more pleased when Johnny Mouse wished him to be untied.

When Grumpygrundy saw the ropes come off of the Woozgoozle without any one touching them and when her magic wishes would not come true, she began to shiver and then tried to run from the room, but Johnny Mouse wished that she would have to stand still.

"I believe that I will take charge of my Wishing Stick, now," said the Woozgoozle, and he stooped to pick it from the floor.

"Watch out! It's red-hot!" cried Grumpygrundy, the Witch, forgetting for a moment that she was always glad when some one got in trouble.

But the Woozgoozle picked the stick up and it did not even feel warm to his hands.

"It's too bad, Grumpygrundy, that you do not feel more kindly," said the Woozgoozle; "for it's lots more fun than being cross and grumpy all the time!"

"Let's wish for Grumpygrundy to feel real happy and show her how much fun it is!" suggested Johnny Mouse to the Woozgoozle.

"Johnny Mouse," said the Woozgoozle, "you always think of kindly things to do! It is no wonder that every one likes you!"

Then the Woozgoozle rubbed his Wishing Stick and Grumpygrundy began to smile; then her eyes began to twinkle; then she began to grin; then she began to laugh. Grumpy-

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grundy laughed and laughed until Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle and the Snicklefritz had to join in and they all laughed; then the Woozgoozle caught the Witch's hands and they danced all around the large room.

When they stopped dancing, the Witch said: "I didn't know before that it was so much fun! And I'll tell you a secret! Last Saturday, I wished all the Snicklefritzes would be shut up in a room in the basement of my castle, for I did not like them because they laughed and played and sang so much, but now I shall go down and unlock the door and let them all out again."

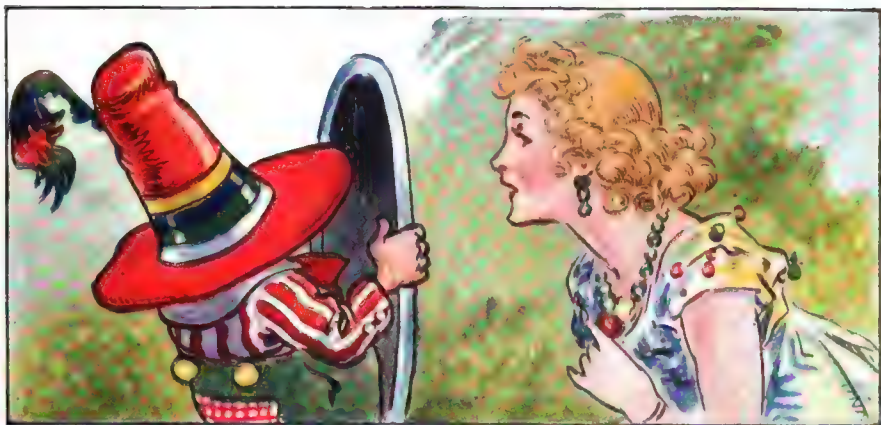
"You won't have to go down and do that!" said the Woozgoozle. "I'll wish that all the Snicklefritzes would find the door unlocked and would come up here!" And it was only a moment before they heard the patter of all the Snicklefritzes as they came running up the steps.

And when they had all kissed the Snicklefritz who had chased Johnny Mouse and had all shaken hands with the Woozgoozle and Johnny Mouse, they forgave Grumpygrundy for shutting them in the basement.

"Now," said the Woozgoozle, "you must all be hungry; so I shall wish for a great table just loaded down with every nice thing there is to eat, and we shall all be happy!"

And as they all sat about the great table (for, you know, it appeared just as soon as the Woozgoozle wished for it), Grumpygrundy stood up by her chair and ran her hands over her face. Then Johnny Mouse winked at every one and smiled, for Grumpygrundy, the Witch, was no longer an old witchy-looking person with long scraggly hair and a big nose. Instead, she had changed into the prettiest young lady the Snicklefritzes had ever seen.

And although Johnny Mouse did not say anything, the Woozgoozle knew that it was Johnny Mouse's kindly wish that had changed Grumpygrundy.



Then the Woozgoozle ran and brought a mirror so that Grumpygrundy could see how pretty she had become, and Grumpygrundy was happier than ever.

"Thank you ever and ever so much!" she said to Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle. Then she turned and spoke to every Snicklefritz at the table:

"I shall never be a Grumpygrundy again. And if you Snicklefritzes would like it, you may all live in my castle all the time, and we shall always have fun and happiness together!"

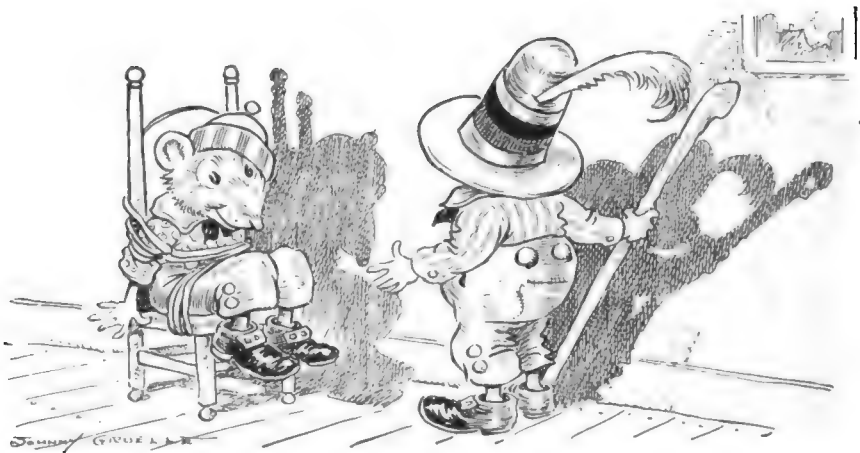
"Whee!" shouted the Snicklefritzes. "That will be fine! And Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle will stay with us!"

"We shall come and see you often if you would like us to. But we must live at our own homes."

Then for the first time Johnny Mouse stood up and made a long speech and ended it with a suggestion that the Snicklefritzes make Grumpygrundy their Princess.

Every one was delighted with this and they all agreed that from then on, Grumpygrundy would be their Princess. "Only," said the oldest Snicklefritz, "let's change her name to Delight!" So from that time, the Snicklefritzes lived in the great white marble castle with their Princess Delight.

And Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle have very happy times whenever they make them a visit.



XIII

OLD WHIXWHANGLE

“**D**EAR me!” the Woozgoozle cried, as he looked at Johnny Mouse; “how in the world did you ever get in such a pickle?”

In spite of Johnny Mouse’s condition he had to laugh when the Woozgoozle said this.

When the Woozgoozle had untied Johnny Mouse and had brushed his clothes and fixed his tie, he pulled up a rocking chair and said: “Now, Johnny Mouse, tell me how you ever got here and all about it.”

Johnny Mouse said to the Woozgoozle: “But we had better leave here before old Whixwhangle returns, or he will tie you up and me, too, before we can count one, two, three.”

“Don’t you worry about that, Johnny Mouse,” laughed the Woozgoozle, as he sat down in another rocking chair in old Whixwhangle’s living-room.

Johnny Mouse looked doubtfully at the door as if he expected old Whixwhangle to come popping in at any moment. Then he sat down and told the Woozgoozle all about his strange adventure.

“When you sent me the letter by the woodpecker, Gran’ma

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put on my clean clothes and brushed my hair, and I started right over to your house. But I had hardly got started through the woods when I saw the strangest sight!"

"Dear me, what was it?" asked the Woozgoozle.

"You wouldn't guess in a hundred years," Johnny Mouse replied. "It was a large golden penny."

"That wasn't so very strange," said the Woozgoozle. "Don't you remember we found a great chest full of golden pennies once?"

"Oh, I remember those golden pennies!" Johnny Mouse smiled; "but this golden penny was different. It stood right up on its rim when I looked at it and wobbled as if to say, 'Here I am, come get me.' But when I stooped to pick up the golden penny, it rolled right away from me, and the faster I ran the faster the golden penny rolled. Then when I stopped to rest and get my breath, the golden penny stopped and leaned up against a stone or a stick as if it were tired, too."

"I guess you should have run after it when it seemed to be tired," the Woozgoozle laughed, "then you probably would have caught it."

"No, sir!" Johnny Mouse exclaimed. "I tried my best to fool the golden penny, but it wouldn't work. The first time I stopped to rest and the golden penny leaned against a stone as if it were resting, too, I was too tired to chase it until I had rested. Then when I had rested I chased it again until I grew tired and the golden penny wobbled over and leaned against a stick as if it couldn't go any more. Then when I was resting I thought, 'Now, Mister Golden Penny, I'll fool you'; so when I had chased it a little while, I began to puff as if I were all out of breath, and I began to act as if I were so tired I almost fell down. Well, sir, when I did this, the golden penny wiggled and wobbled, as if it were almost tired out, too, and I thought, 'Now I'll get you,' and I leaned up against a tree as if I could not go a step farther. And, do you know, the golden penny

JOHNNY MOUSE AND THE WISHING STICK

was not over three feet from me, and it acted as if it had a hard time getting to a little stick to lean against. It actually fell over on its side twice before it came to the stick. Of course, I wasn't a bit tired and when I saw the penny wobble and fall over, I jumped for it as quick as I could."

"And got it?" asked the Woozgoozle.

"No, sireebob!" laughed Johnny Mouse; "that penny knew that I was only fooling, and it rolled away from me faster than it had moved any time before. Then I threw sticks and stones at it and ran and rested and ran and rested, until I followed it right up to the door there. And," continued Johnny Mouse, "the door was wide open and I could look inside and watch the penny. It hopped right up the door-step into the house, rolled across the room and up the table leg, across the top of the table and hopped just like a Tiddledy Wink right up into that glass bowl and there it lay still."

"What did you do then?" the Woozgoozle asked.

"I didn't do anything," Johnny Mouse replied; "some one did it for me. As I watched the golden penny roll up the table and hop into the glass bowl, I was jerked right off my feet and hustled into the room, and I couldn't see anything because it was all done in a cloud of flour. Then when I had rubbed the flour out of my eyes I saw old Whixwhangle standing in front of me with the rope in his hands to tie me up."

The Woozgoozle walked over to the table and looked into the glass bowl. "The golden penny is not in the bowl now," he said.

"No, old Whixwhangle took it and ran out the door with it after he had tied me in the chair," Johnny Mouse replied.

The Woozgoozle took off his hat and scratched his head trying to puzzle out just what had happened. Then Johnny Mouse began to wonder how the Woozgoozle happened to come along just in time to rescue him from old Whixwhangle.

"That was easy, Johnny Mouse," the Woozgoozle ex-

JOHNNY MOUSE AND THE WISHING STICK

plained, "for when I sent for you to come over to my house and you didn't come, after a long time I took my Magic Clock off the mantel and wished to know where you were, and when I saw you were tied to a chair here, I took my Wishing Stick and wished it to carry me here."

Just then Johnny Mouse, who sat facing the door, cried: "Look out, here comes old Whixwhangle!" And with that the Woozgoozle and Johnny Mouse ran across the room and hid under a large sofa.

Old Whixwhangle was a tall man, dressed in knee breeches and a white waist, his sleeves were rolled up and he carried a package in his hand. When he came into the room he looked in surprise at the chair where he had left Johnny Mouse. Then he put the package down upon the table and looked all about the room. Then a broad grin spread over old Whixwhangle's face as he saw one of Johnny Mouse's feet sticking out from under the sofa.

Old Whixwhangle walked over to the sofa and pulled Johnny Mouse out from under it, and as he pulled Johnny Mouse, Johnny Mouse caught hold of the Woozgoozle and pulled him out from under the sofa, too.

"Ha, ha," old Whixwhangle chuckled, "there are two of you now. I see; your friend must have untied you."

"The Woozgoozle came to rescue me," said Johnny Mouse, when old Whixwhangle had pulled him to his feet.

Then Johnny Mouse almost sat down hard upon the floor, for he saw old Whixwhangle catch the Woozgoozle and give him a great smacking kiss upon both cheeks. When old Whixwhangle let go of the Woozgoozle he turned to Johnny Mouse and asked, "Why didn't you tell me that you were a friend of the Woozgoozle?"

"Because I didn't know that you were a friend of the Woozgoozle," Johnny Mouse replied.

"We are first cousins," said the Woozgoozle. And then

JOHNNY MOUSE AND THE WISHING STICK

when Johnny Mouse looked at old Whixwhangle he saw that old Whixwhangle looked a great deal like the Woozgoozle and really had a friendly, kindly face.

Old Whixwhangle held out his hand to Johnny Mouse. "Will you forgive me for the way I treated you?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed," laughed Johnny Mouse, for he was glad to become acquainted with any friend or relative of the Woozgoozle.

"Johnny Mouse told me that he followed a golden penny here," laughed the Woozgoozle.

"It was one of my Magic Golden Pennies," old Whixwhangle replied. "You see, I have four of them and when I spend one of them it leaves another one in its place and comes rolling home to me. I have just spent the penny again, and you will presently see it come rolling in. Hello! Here it comes now and some one is following it."

Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle peeped out the window and sure enough there came the golden penny bouncing along and close behind it, running as fast as he could run, came Billie Bear.

"It's Billie Bear," laughed the Woozgoozle.

Old Whixwhangle, Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle watched the golden penny jump up the front steps and roll into the house and up the table leg. Then it rolled across the table and hopped into the glass bowl.

Wasn't Billie Bear surprised when he saw old Whixwhangle, Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle standing there laughing at him!

"Come in," cried old Whixwhangle, as he held out his hand to Billie Bear. "Now, if you boys will excuse me for a moment, I will finish the work that I had started when Johnny Mouse came." And with this he walked out to the kitchen followed by Billie Bear, Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle.

Then Johnny Mouse saw where all the flour came from, for

JOHNNY MOUSE AND THE WISHING STICK

in one corner of the kitchen was a great bin filled with flour which old Whixwhangle was mixing with milk and chopped nuts and raisins.

The three friends watched old Whixwhangle knead the dough into shape and put it in a great oven. When all was in the oven, old Whixwhangle washed the dough from his hands and brought four dishes from the cupboard. Then he went to a queer-looking cabinet and brought out a great bowl of ice-cream and filled the four dishes.

"When the cakes are baked we will have some," he said, "so we might as well eat some ice-cream first to give us a good appetite."

Of course this pleased Billie Bear, Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle very much for they were very fond of ice-cream. And soon the cakes were baked, too, and as they ate the cakes and ice-cream old Whixwhangle said: "I believe that I will give each of you boys one of my Magic Golden Pennies." And going to a little table he took a small black case and opened it. There inside were many curious trinkets and mixed with them were three golden pennies. These old Whixwhangle took out and gave to Billie Bear, Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle.

"You must remember one thing," laughed old Whixwhangle, "the Magic Pennies must only be spent for some good. If you spend them selfishly they will come right back to my house and roll up on the table and hop into the glass bowl and then I can not give them back to you again."

"I shall spend mine only when I see some one who really needs to have something bought for him!" said Billie Bear.

"Me too!" chimed in Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle.

Then they thanked old Whixwhangle for the golden pennies and all climbed on to the Woozgoozle's Magic Stick.

"For," the Woozgoozle told his cousin Whixwhangle, "I have invited a great many friends over to my house to a

JOHNNY MOUSE AND THE WISHING STICK

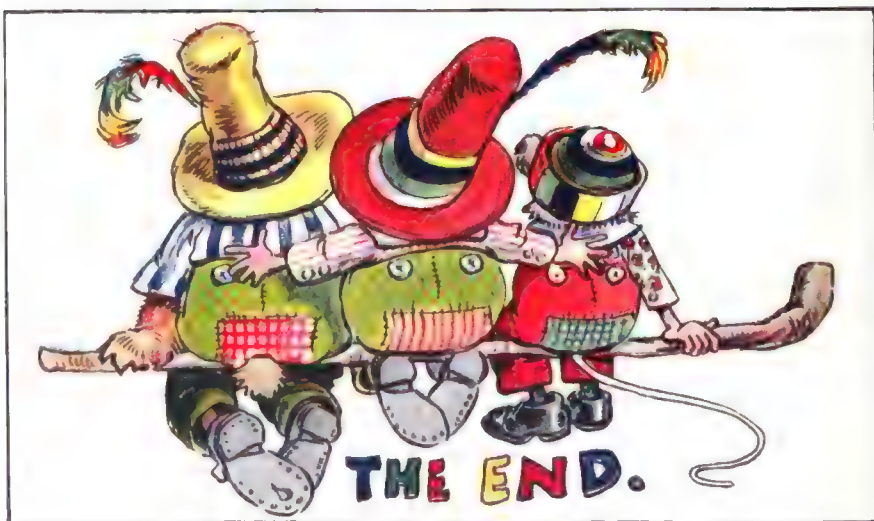
strawberry short-cake dinner, and we must hurry and get there!"

Billie Bear, Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle wanted old Whixwhangle to go with them, but he told them he had to deliver the cakes to poor people who did not have anything nice to eat. "I bake bread and cakes every day for them!" he said as he shook hands and said: "Good-by!"

"Well, that was a nice adventure!" said Johnny Mouse as he and Billie Bear and the Woozgoozle climbed off the stick in front of the Woozgoozle's house.

"You bet it was!" Billie Bear and the Woozgoozle replied. "Now we must be very careful of our golden pennies so that we do not lose them!"

Billie Bear, Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle found the Woozgoozle's house filled with their friends, and it took only a minute for the Woozgoozle to wish for a great large table covered with lovely dishes filled with delicious strawberry short cake and whipped cream. So you may well know that they all had a lovely time and all they could possibly eat at the Woozgoozle's party.





JOHNNY CRUICK



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WOMAN'S WORLD

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Chicago

Uncle Johnny Gruelle's Page

For Good Boys and Girls

Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle

Told and Illustrated by
JOHNNY GRUELLE

Author of "My Very Own Fairy Stories,"
"Raggedy Ann Stories,"
"The Funny Little Book," and Other
Joy-Making Things for Little Folks

GRAN'MA MOUSE usually baked pancakes for breakfast. Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse liked pancakes with syrup on them very much. Especially the pancakes Gran'ma baked, for they were light and fluffy and golden brown in color.

Gran'pa had to shake Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle to awaken them, they were sleeping so soundly. But they hopped out of bed and into their clothes as fast as they could, for they heard the pancakes sizzling and could taste their goodness by the smell.

"Come on, Mr. Woozgoozle!" Johnny Mouse cried, when they had dressed and he ran out the door to the well, pulled up a bucket of cool water and poured it in the wash basin which stood on the bench at the kitchen door.

The Woozgoozle thought Johnny Mouse was pouring him a drink and started to lift the basin to his mouth. Johnny had to show the Woozgoozle how to wash his face and hands, for this was all new to him.

When Johnny Mouse had brushed the Woozgoozle's hair, breakfast was ready. Gran'ma ate nine pancakes, Gran'pa ate eleven, Johnny Mouse ate fifteen, but the Woozgoozle ate twenty-two and had to stop when a button popped off his waist front and flew across the kitchen floor. Gran'ma laughed and promised to sew it on for him later and Johnny Mouse fixed it temporarily with a Mouse safety pin.

"I shall never sleep in a hard, cold, damp cave again," said the Woozgoozle when Gran'ma asked him how he had slept. "I'm going to build me a house and have nice beds in it like you have! Then when you come to see me you can stay all night." Gran'pa said that he and Johnny Mouse would help the Woozgoozle build a house. This pleased the Woozgoozle so much he said he would start building right away. And as there was no work to do in the garden that day, Gran'ma Mouse put a large lunch in a large basket and Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle picked up the little saws and hammers and nails and things they would need in building the Woozgoozle's house. The Woozgoozle insisted on taking his clock with him for some reason and with this under his arm and his hands full of tools he and Gran'ma and Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse set out through the woods towards the Woozgoozle's cave. When the little party, laughing and joking to each other reached Chickie Town, they heard a great commotion of crowing and cackling, and asking a little Chick the reason, they were told the whole of Chickie Town were celebrating because the Woozgoozle promised never to eat them again.

And when the Chickies saw Gran'ma, Gran'pa, Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle they insisted that the four stay and help them celebrate.

Of course, after the way the Woozgoozle had treated the Chickies for years, it was no more than right that he and his friends should stay and help the Chickies celebrate. So this they did until it began to grow late and Gran'pa knew that they would scarcely reach the Woozgoozle's cave before dark.

So they bade the Chickies good-bye and promised to come and visit them again. It was well they started when

they did, for they had hardly reached the Woozgoozle's cave before it began raining ever so hard.

They went into the Woozgoozle's cave and so kept from getting wet, but it was a very untidy place. You see the Woozgoozle had never kept house very well and his only bed was a few scattered leaves. Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse managed to find some dry wood and soon they had a cozy fire going. As it had been very dark in the cave before, the fire made it quite pleasant. They sat about and discussed the house they would build for the Woozgoozle the next day. "It will be nice if we can find a cigar box like ours!" said Gran'ma Mouse.

"I'll put a stove in it and learn to bake pancakes and make doughnuts!" said the Woozgoozle.

AND so they sat and talked until it was really time they all went to bed, but as there were no beds and all the leaves outside were soaking wet, they decided to sit up all night and talk or lean back against the walls of the cave and sleep as best they might.

The Woozgoozle's clock had been placed against the far wall of the cave and as the Woozgoozle said he always used the clock for a pillow he brought it out and offered it to Gran'ma Mouse.

"No, thank you," said Gran'ma Mouse, "the corners are too sharp and I am afraid I never could sleep with such a hard object for a pillow."

"Where did you get it, Mr. Woozgoozle?" Gran'pa finally asked.

"It belonged to my great-great-grandfather!" said the Woozgoozle. "And when he gave it to me he told me never to let it get out of my sight as it was very valuable!"

"Has it any works inside it?" Johnny Mouse asked.

"I've never opened it to look inside!" said the Woozgoozle. "I only used it for a pillow and never thought of it keeping time. In fact," he added, "I really had no time to worry about, for I usually went to sleep immediately after eating and did not wake up until I felt hungry. Then I ran down and caught a couple of Chickies and came back and went to sleep again!"

The Woozgoozle placed the old clock upon the ground and Johnny Mouse opened its door and swung the pendulum. "It runs all right!" said Gran'pa.

"I wish it would strike!" said Johnny Mouse.

"DING, DING, DING!" the clock struck three times with a loud sound.

Gran'pa Mouse pushed the hands of the clock around until they pointed to the right time. "There," he said, "that is the right time, and goodness knows it's time to go to bed!"

"I wish we had three little beds in the back of the cave like you have at your house, Gran'pa!" said the Woozgoozle.

"It would be nice!" Johnny Mouse yawned, "I'm dreadfully tired!"

"Get the basket, please, Johnny!" said Gran'ma. "Perhaps if we eat some of the doughnuts and cream puffs we won't feel so sleepy!"

Johnny humped up from the fire and started back in the Woozgoozle's cave where they had placed the basket. "Wheel!" he shouted, "Look here, everybody!" Everybody looked. There against the back of the cave stood three little white beds, just like the ones at Gran'ma and Gran'pa Mouse's house.

For a moment all stood and stared, not knowing what to say, but finally Gran'ma Mouse said, "Mr. Woozgoozle, you have been using your clock for a pillow for years when you might have had a whole bed."

The Woozgoozle did not understand and said so. "Why can't you see?" Gran'ma laughed, "those beds must have been in the clock or how else could they come here when you wished for them?"

"They must have come from the clock!" said Gran'pa Mouse. "If they came from the clock perhaps there is something else inside there, too!" And Gran'pa felt inside the clock.

"It is empty!" he said. "Well, anyway, we have nice beds to sleep upon!"

"Yes, we must be thankful for that!" said Gran'ma. "But I have an idea! May I look at the clock for a moment, Mr. Woozgoozle?"

The Woozgoozle handed the clock to Gran'ma, who had an idea but did not tell the others. She opened the door to the clock and felt inside, then a broad grin spread over her kindly Mouse face. "It is a WISHING CLOCK! A MAGIC WISHING CLOCK!" she cried. The Woozgoozle, Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse crowded about her. "How do you know?" they asked, all very much excited.

"Because!" said Gran'ma, as she pulled her hand out and showed it to them, "I made a wish when I put my hand inside the clock for a ring and there it is!" True enough, Gran'ma had a beautiful ring upon her finger.

She handed the clock to the Woozgoozle and told him to make a wish.

The Woozgoozle closed his eyes for a while, then, when he opened them, he put the clock upon the floor and walked to the front of the cave. The others watched him in silence, thinking he, too, had wished for a ring but had been disappointed. When the Woozgoozle reached the front of the cave he jumped into the air and clicked his heels together, then he turned a summersault and kicked his heels in the air as he lay upon his back.

GRAN'MA and Gran'pa and Johnny Mouse ran and helped him to his feet for they could not understand what could be the matter with him.

When Gran'ma started to question him the Woozgoozle merely pointed outside the cave, and looking, they discovered the cause of his joy. There stood the cunningest little house one could wish for, with cheery light shining out through the windows. "It's mine!" cried the Woozgoozle, "and I wished for it so that you could share it with me!"

Forgetting all else, Gran'ma, Gran'pa and the Woozgoozle ran through the rain to the little house, but just as they reached it, the little house disappeared. The three stopped, greatly disappointed, and started to retrace their steps to the cave, but seeing their shadows in front of them, they again turned and there stood the little house. This time they heard Johnny Mouse's laugh and saw him coming with the magic clock under his arm. They all went into the Woozgoozle's house together.

"I wanted you never to forget the clock!" Johnny Mouse said to the Woozgoozle, as he handed the clock to him.

"You have taught me a good lesson!" said the Woozgoozle. "Now we must wish for beds first of all and go to bed, then in the morning we can start and wish for everything we want!"

"That is a very good idea!" Gran'ma Mouse said, "and I am going to bed right away!" All were so tired they soon were in bed and sound asleep; all except the Woozgoozle. The Woozgoozle pinched himself to keep awake until the others were asleep, then with a broad grin upon his face, he slipped his hand into the clock and silently made a wish. Then turning very quietly he looked at Gran'pa's and Johnny Mouse's hands. Yes! Each had a ring just like Gran'ma's and the Woozgoozle went to sleep with the broad grin on his face and with the Magic Clock tucked safely under his comfortable soft pillow.



"It belonged to my great-great-grandfather," said the Woozgoozle, "and he told me never to let it get out of my sight"

THE GOLDEN PENNY

A Johnny Mouse and The Woozgoozle Story

Told and Illustrated by

JOHNNY GRUELLE

Author of "My Very Own Fairy Stories," "Raggedy Ann Stories,"
"The Funny Little Book,"
and Other Joy-Making Things for Little Folks



"DEAR me!" the Woozgoozle cried as he looked at Johnny Mouse, "how in the world did you ever get in such a pickle?"

In spite of Johnny Mouse's condition he had to laugh when the Woozgoozle said this.

When the Woozgoozle had untied Johnny Mouse and had brushed his clothes and fixed his tie, he pulled up a rocking chair and said, "Now, Johnny Mouse, tell me how you ever got here and all about it."

Johnny Mouse said to the Woozgoozle, "But we had better leave here before old Whixwhangle returns, or he will tie you up and me, too, before we can count one, two, three."

"Don't you worry about that, Johnny Mouse," laughed the Woozgoozle as he sat down in another rocking chair in old Whixwhangle's living room.

Johnny Mouse looked doubtfully at the door as if he expected old Whixwhangle to come popping in at any moment, then sat down and told the Woozgoozle all about his strange adventure.

"When you sent me the letter by the woodpecker, Grandma put on my clean clothes and brushed my hair and I started right over to your house. But I had hardly got started through the woods when I saw the strangest sight!"

"Dear me, what was it?" asked the Woozgoozle.

"You wouldn't guess in a hundred years," Johnny Mouse replied. "It was a large golden penny."

"That wasn't so very strange," said the Woozgoozle. "Don't you remember we found a great chest full of golden pennies one time?"

"Oh, I remember those golden pennies," Johnny Mouse smiled, "but this golden penny was different. It stood right up on its rim when I looked at it and wobbled as if to say, 'Here I am, come get me.' But when I stooped to pick up the golden penny, it rolled right away from me and the faster I ran the faster the golden penny rolled. Then when I stopped to rest and get my breath, the golden penny stopped and leaned up against a stone or a stick as if it was tired, too."

"I guess you should have run after it when it seemed to be tired," the Woozgoozle laughed, "then you probably would have caught it."

"No, sir," Johnny Mouse exclaimed. "I tried my best to fool the golden penny, but it wouldn't work. The first time I stopped to rest and the golden penny leaned against a stone as if it were resting, too, I was too tired to chase it until I had rested, then when I had rested I chased it again until I grew tired and the golden penny wobbled over and leaned against a stick as if it couldn't go any more. Then when I was resting I thought, 'Now, Mister Golden Penny, I'll fool you, so when I had chased it a little while, I began to puff as if I was all out of breath and I began to act as if I was so tired I almost fell down. Well, sir, when I did this, the golden penny wiggled and wobbled as if it was almost tired out, too, and I thought now I'll get you and I leaned up against a



JOHNNY GRUELLE

Old Whixwhangle pulled Johnny Mouse from under the sofa and Johnny Mouse, grabbing the Woozgoozle, brought him, too

tree as if I could not go a step farther. And, do you know, the golden penny was not over three feet from me and it acted as if it had a hard time getting to a little stick to lean against. It actually fell over on its side twice before it came to the stick. Of course, I wasn't a bit tired and when I saw the penny wobble and fall over, I jumped for it as quick as I could."

"And got it?" asked the Woozgoozle.

"No, sircobob!" laughed Johnny Mouse, "that penny knew that I was only fooling and it rolled away from me faster than it had moved any time before. Then I threw sticks and stones at it and ran and rested and ran and rested, until I followed it right up to the door there. And," continued Johnny Mouse, "the door was wide open and I could look inside and watch the penny. It hopped right up the doorstep into the house, rolled across the room and up the table leg, across the top of the table and hopped just like a Tiddely Wink right up into that glass bowl and there it lay still."

"What did you do then?" the Woozgoozle asked.

"I didn't do anything," Johnny Mouse replied, "someone did it for me. As I watched the golden penny roll up the table and hop into the glass bowl, I was jerked right off my feet and hustled into the room and I couldn't see anything because it was all done in a cloud of flour. Then when I had rubbed the flour out of my eyes I saw old Whixwhangle standing in front of me with the rope in his hands to tie me up."

The Woozgoozle walked over to the table and looked into the glass bowl. "The golden penny is not in the bowl now," he said.

"No, old Whixwhangle took it and

ran out the door with it after he had tied me in the chair," Johnny Mouse replied.

The Woozgoozle took off his hat and scratched his head trying to puzzle out just what had happened. Then Johnny Mouse began to wonder how the Woozgoozle happened to come along just in time to rescue him from old Whixwhangle.

"That was easy, Johnny Mouse," the Woozgoozle explained, "for when I sent for you to come over to my house and you didn't come, after a long time I took my Magic Clock off the mantel and wished to know where you were and when I saw you were tied to a chair here, I took my Wishing Stick and wished it to carry me here."

Just then Johnny Mouse, who sat facing the door, cried, "Look out, here comes old Whixwhangle!" and with that the Woozgoozle and Johnny Mouse ran across the room and hid in under a large sofa.

OLD Whixwhangle was a tall man, dressed in knee breeches and a white waist, his sleeves were rolled up and he carried a package in his hand. When he came into the room he looked in surprise at the chair where he had left Johnny Mouse, then he put the package down upon the table and looked all about the room. Then a broad grin spread over old Whixwhangle's face as he saw one of Johnny Mouse's feet sticking out from under the sofa.

Old Whixwhangle walked over to the sofa and pulled Johnny Mouse out from under it and as he pulled Johnny Mouse, Johnny Mouse caught hold of the Woozgoozle and pulled him out from under the sofa, too.

"Ha, ha," old Whixwhangle chuckled,

"there are two of you now. I see, your friend must have untied you."

"The Woozgoozle came to rescue me," said Johnny Mouse, when old Whixwhangle had pulled him to his feet.

Then Johnny Mouse almost sat down hard upon the floor, for he saw old Whixwhangle catch the Woozgoozle and give him a great smacking kiss upon both cheeks. When old Whixwhangle let go of the Woozgoozle he turned to Johnny Mouse and asked, "Why didn't you tell me that you were a friend of the Woozgoozle?"

"Because I didn't know that you were a friend of the Woozgoozle," Johnny Mouse replied.

"We are first cousins," said the Woozgoozle. And then when Johnny Mouse looked at old Whixwhangle he saw that old Whixwhangle looked a great deal like the Woozgoozle and really had a friendly, kindly face.

Old Whixwhangle held out his hand to Johnny Mouse, "Will you forgive me for the way I treated you?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed," laughed Johnny Mouse, for he was glad to become acquainted with any friend or relative of the Woozgoozle.

"Johnny Mouse told me that he followed a golden penny here," laughed the Woozgoozle.

"It was one of my Magic Golden Pennies," old Whixwhangle replied. "You see, I have four of them and when I spend one of them it leaves another one in its place and comes rolling home to me. I have just spent the penny again and you will presently see it come rolling in. Hello! Here it comes now and some one is following it."

Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle peeped out the window and sure enough there came the golden penny, bouncing along and close behind it, running as fast as he could run, came Billy Bear.

"It's Billy Bear," laughed the Woozgoozle.

Old Whixwhangle, Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle watched the golden penny jump up the front steps and roll into the house and up the table leg, then it rolled across the table and hopped into the glass bowl.

Wasn't Billy Bear surprised when he saw old Whixwhangle, Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle standing there laughing at him.

"Come in," cried old Whixwhangle as he held out his hand to Billy Bear. "Now, if you boys will excuse me for a moment, I will finish the work that I had started when Johnny Mouse came." And with this he walked out to the kitchen followed by Billy Bear, Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle.

Then Johnny Mouse saw where all the flour came from, for in one corner of the kitchen was a great bin filled with flour which old Whixwhangle was mixing with milk and chopped nuts and raisins.

The three friends watched old Whixwhangle knead the dough into shape and put it in a great oven. When all was in the oven, old Whixwhangle washed the dough from his hands and brought four dishes from the cupboard, then he went to a queer looking cabinet and brought out a great bowl of ice cream and filled the four dishes. "When the cakes are baked we will have some," he said, "so we might as well eat some ice cream first to give us a good appetite."

Of course this pleased Billy Bear, Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle very much for they were very fond of ice cream. And soon the cakes were baked, too, and as they ate the cakes and ice cream old Whixwhangle said, "I believe that I will give each of you boys one of my Magic Golden Pennies," and going to a little table he took a small black case and opened it. There inside were many curious trinkets and mixed with them were three golden pennies. These old Whixwhangle took out and gave to Billy Bear, Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle. "You must remember one thing," laughed old Whixwhangle, "the Magic Pennies must only be spent for some good. If you spend them selfishly they will come right back to my house and roll up on the table and hop into the glass bowl and then I can not give them back to you again."

"I shall spend mine only when I see someone who (Continued on page 19)

The Golden Penny

A Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle Story

(Continued from page 50)

really needs to have something bought for them," said Billy Bear.

"Me, too," chimed in Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle. Then they thanked old Whixwhangle for the golden pennies and all climbed onto the Woozgoozle's Magic Stick. "For," the Woozgoozle told his cousin Whixwhangle, "I have invited a great many friends over to my house to a strawberry shortcake dinner and we must hurry and get there."

Billy Bear, Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle wanted old Whixwhangle to go with them, but he told them he had to deliver the cakes to poor people who did not have anything nice to eat. "I bake bread and cakes every day for them," he said as he shook hands and said "Good-bye."

"Well, that was a nice adventure," said Johnny Mouse as he and Billy Bear and the Woozgoozle climbed off the stick in front of the Woozgoozle's house.

"You bet it was," Billy Bear and the Woozgoozle replied. "Now, we must be very careful of our golden pennies so that we do not lose them."

Billy Bear, Johnny Mouse and the Woozgoozle found the Woozgoozle's house filled with their friends and it took only a minute for the Woozgoozle to wish for a great large table covered with lovely dishes filled with delicious strawberry shortcake and whipped cream. So you may well know that they all had a lovely time and all they could possibly eat at the Woozgoozle's party.

Gloves

BUY gloves of good material, well-stitched, and well-fitted; they are cheaper in the end.

Prolong the life of gloves by blowing up and pulling gently into shape after use and mending rips as soon as they start.